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MOZART'S
OPERA
IL
FLAUTO MAGICO
(THE MAGIC FLUTE)

CONTAINING THE
ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN
ENGLISH TRANSLATION
AND
THE MUSIC OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL AIRS



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SARASTRO, HIGH PRIEST OF ISIS	BASS
TAMINO, AN EGYPTIAN PRINCE	TENOR
PAPAGENO, A BIRD CATCHER	BARITONE
THE QUEEN OF NIGHT	SOPRANO
PAMINA, HER DAUGHTER	SOPRANO
MONOSTATOS, A MOOR, CHIEF OF THE SLAVES OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS	BARITONE
PAPAGENA, AT FIRST DISGUISED AS AN OLD WOMAN	.	SOPRANO
FIRST LADY	} ATTENDANTS ON THE QUEEN OF NIGHT	SOPRANO
SECOND LADY		MEZZO-SOPRANO
THIRD LADY		ALTO
FIRST BOY	} BELONGING TO THE TEMPLE, AND FULFILL- ING THE DESIGNS OF SARASTRO	SOPRANO
SECOND BOY		MEZZO-SOPRANO
THIRD BOY		ALTO

PRIESTS AND PRIESTESSES OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS, MALE AND FEMALE SLAVES,
WARRIORS OF THE TEMPLE, ATTENDANTS, ETC.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN THE VICINITY OF AND IN THE TEMPLE OF ISIS AT MEMPHIS.
THE ACTION IS REPRESENTED AS TAKING PLACE ABOUT THE TIME OF
RAMSES I. FIRST PERFORMED AT VIENNA, 1791.

THE STORY OF "THE MAGIC FLUTE"

IN former times when the worship of Isis and Osiris prevailed in Egypt, there dwelt upon the banks of the Nile, a man of grand and lofty nature, who united in himself the characters of an earthly prince and high priest of the gods. His name was Sarastro. His dwelling was a huge edifice, half palace, half temple.

Sarastro was the grand master of the Mysteries of Isis, and the great duty of his life was to encourage virtue, to aid all who sought true wisdom, to watch over and guard them during their periods of probation, and finally, to consecrate them as members of the holy fraternity of which he was the head.

In the same region of the world, in a castle built in the darkest and most gloomy style of Egyptian architecture, dwelt a mysterious being—the Queen of Night. She was of a haughty, proud, and revengeful nature, loving darkness rather than light. Her dress was black as the thick darkness, but sparkling with bright stars. Three women, also dressed and veiled in black, were her familiar spirits and executed her commands. The widowed Queen had a single daughter, Pamina, a lovely and gentle being, whose spiritual tendencies were as virtuous as her person was charming. To give her virtues the opportunity of development, and to save her from temptation and sin, Sarastro had caused her to be taken from her mother and brought to his abode of wisdom and peace.

In the Queen's mind grief and revenge struggled for the mastery—but against the power of the great ruler and priest she was helpless. She sought in vain to regain her daughter, equally in vain to punish Sarastro.

It happened that while the Queen was in this state of mind, a young prince, upon his travels, Tamino by name, became separated from his followers, and, while unarmed and defenceless, was attacked by a huge serpent near her castle; he could only fly and call for help, and at length, overcome by fatigue and terror, he swooned and fell. At this instant the three women, attendants of the Queen, flew from the cave and transfixed the monster with their silver javelins. After gazing with admiration on the sleeping youth, they left him still in his swoon, from which he was awakened by a jolly, rollick-

ing, prating, cowardly knave, by name Papageno by occupation a bird-catcher, a huge eater and drinker, and admirer of pretty damsels, and now come, with cage on back, to strike bargains with the Queen's ladies. Placing his cage on the ground in front of the palace, he announced his presence by repeated blasts of his Pan's pipes and a lively song; the Prince awoke, and seeing the monster killed, addressed himself to Papageno, with the inquiry whether it was to him he was indebted for his life. The bird-catcher trembled at the sight, until convinced that it was dead, when he at once claimed the credit of having slain it. The three women had drawn near unperceived, and overheard this falsehood, as well as others which he added to it. One of them suddenly stepped up to him, applied a padlock to his lips, reducing his entire vocabulary to "hm, hm, hm," and sent him about his business.

They then addressed themselves to the Prince, told him of the Queen, their mistress, and of the loss she had sustained. The Queen had determined to make Tamino the instrument by which she should regain Pamina, and be revenged upon Sarastro. In hope of awaking in him a passion for her daughter, she sent him by the women Pamina's miniature. It had the desired effect. His breast was agitated, as he looked at it, with feelings until then unknown—it kindled a passion as deep and strong as it was sudden.

The Queen suddenly made her appearance, addressed herself at once to Tamino, bade him not fear, and promised him, should he succeed in rescuing Pamina, to give her to him in marriage. The Prince gladly undertook the adventure, and the Queen then vanished. Poor Papageno now came with piteous gestures and sorrowful "hm, hm, hm," and besought Tamino to remove the padlock. But this was beyond his power. The women, however, thinking him sufficiently punished, relieved him, with an admonition to beware in future of lying.

To Tamino, now engaged in her service, they brought from their mistress an enchanted flute, in whose tones was hidden so magical a power, as to protect its bearer in all dangers, to change the passions of men, make the sad joyous, and fill the envious and proud heart with friendship and love.

To Papageno, who was forced into the service

of Tamino by command of the Queen, they gave a casket, containing a set of musical bells, similar in power to the Magic Flute.

They then separate and the Prince takes his way towards Sarastro's palace.

Pamina, meantime, might have been happy in the peaceful halls of the priest of Isis, but for the feelings natural to a daughter, and the audacious passion of an ugly negro, Monostatos, the head of Sarastro's troop of black slaves, who took advantage of his position to treat her as a prisoner, and to force his disgusting attentions upon her. In the afternoon of that day upon which the Queen of Night had gained an ally in Prince Tamino, the negro succeeded in forcing Pamina into a lonely apartment in the castle, and threatened her with death, unless she would consent to become his bride. The poor girl fainted, and fell back upon the divan. At this moment, Papageno, who had been sent to seek Pamina, came stealthily into the apartment. The figure and face of the beautiful Pamina instantly caught his eye and filled him with admiration, to which his tongue, as usual, gave utterance. The negro started up affrighted. Papageno was no less frightened by the black face of Monostatos. Each took the other for the devil, and fled in different directions. Papageno, however, soon conquered his fear, and returned to Pamina. He related to her all that had passed, and besought her to trust herself to him and escape. After some hesitation, Pamina acceded, and they left the castle together.

Tamino advanced directly towards the great gates of Sarastro's castle. Having reached the open space before them, he gazed upon the vastness and grandeur of the edifice with astonishment and wonder; nevertheless so strongly was he prejudiced by the Queen against Sarastro, that he saw nothing in all this magnificence but the emblems of a tyrannical ruler. He advanced to the temple; refused admittance at two of the gates, he turned to the third, from which a priest came forth, and enlightened him as to the real character and intentions of Sarastro, upon which he disappeared through the same portal.

The Prince's bosom was torn with conflicting emotions. The desire for true wisdom, pity for the Queen, love for the original of the miniature, all agitated him, and above all, the desire to know the real character of Sarastro. In his spirit all was darkness and gloom, and an indescribable longing for something, he knew not what, had seized him.

"When wilt thou pass, oh, everlasting night,
And these too weary eyes behold celestial light?"

To this cry of the Prince, a choir of invisible voices replied in mysterious tones: "Ere long, or never!"

Surprised, but rejoiced that his words, involuntarily spoken, had been heard and answered, he ventured to ask if Pamina still lived, and the same chorus replied, "Pamina still liveth!"

In a transport of joy he applied the flute to his lips, and was delighted by its magical effect. In a few moments his tones were answered by the Pan's pipe of Papageno in the distance. Tamino instantly knew the sound, and hurried away to find his servant. Deceived by the echoes he took the wrong direction, and was hardly out of sight when Papageno and Pamina, who had succeeded in eluding their pursuers, appeared in front of the castle. Pamina in her anxiety and terror thoughtlessly called aloud for Tamino; Papageno hushed her at once, and applied himself to his Pan's pipe. The flute at once answered the tone, and in the next moment they would all have been together and might easily have escaped, but for the unfortunate call of Pamina, which had betrayed them and brought at this instant the negro and his whole train of slaves upon them. Pamina at once lost all hope, and so for the moment did her companion; but it suddenly occurred to him that the three women had given him the casket of bells as a protection. He immediately opened it and began to play. The slaves were instantly enchanted, and could move their limbs only in accordance with the music, after which they departed. The way was now clear, and the fugitives again set out upon the search for Tamino. It was too late.

From the opposite sides of the open space where they were, now entered Sarastro with a host of followers, in splendor and majesty. Pamina threw herself at his feet, but he gently lifted her up. At this moment they were interrupted by the entrance of Monostatos and his slaves, bringing Tamino as a captive.

But now came one of those moments when a sudden feeling overpowers all considerations of time and place. Each lived but for the other, and in the very presence of Sarastro — within reach of his hand — they rushed into each other's arms; their first, perhaps their final embrace.

Sarastro turned to two of the chief priests, and commanded them to conduct Tamino and Papageno to the temple of probation and purification; then giving his hand to Pamina, he led her, through the grand portal, once more into the palace.

We now proceed to the court of Sarastro.

It was the custom at these solemn meetings, in

the discussion of important questions, for the priests to make known their concurrence with the views of their chief by joining with him in a long blast upon the trumpet. So now, in reply to the question whether Tamino had thus far proved himself worthy to be admitted to the final trials of his courage, steadfastness, self-control, truth, and faith, all raised the trumpets to their lips, and gave their assent in loud and joyful tones. Sarastro then raised his hands to the gods, while the choir of priests bowed reverently, occasionally joining in the invocation, and solemnly prayed to Isis and Osiris to grant the spirit of virtue and wisdom to the candidates.

The high priests, obeying the orders of their master, came immediately to release the prisoners from their confinement. As the Prince had borne his confinement with courage, he was now to be subjected to a new trial of his faith in Sarastro's wisdom and good will. The priests warned him and his servant to beware of the arts of women, and let what would happen, to answer them not; and with these warnings led them away to one of the beautiful gardens, where they left them. They were not long alone, for suddenly Tamino, looking up from the bank upon which he had thrown himself, saw the three women of the Queen of Night before him. They besought him to fly at once if he held his life dear; assured him that his death was already determined upon, and reminded him of his promises to their mistress, who, they informed him, had made her way into the castle in search of Pamina. Tamino heard them in silence. He answered them not, trusted them not.

Meantime, in another garden, which extended down to the bank of the river, Pamina, weary and exhausted, had thrown herself upon a seat and fallen aleep. Monostatos, with all evil passions raging in his bosom, entered, determined to steal a kiss from the sleeping girl. His design was frustrated by a peal of thunder — the Queen of Night was there. Here was the time of trial for Pamina. Her mother, unable to take her away from Sarastro, now only desired revenge upon him. Glowing with hatred and rage she gave Pamina a dagger, and in an awful oath swore by the gods that unless she plunged it into the heart of Sarastro she should forever be cast out of the mother's heart. With this threat she vanished. Sarastro now approached, and taking Pamina again gently by the hand, comforted her with the assurance that the probation was over, and that the next day, did Tamino conquer, she should be made happy with him.

Another great test of Tamino's steadfastness and faith now came. Pamina appeared, seeking her lover. Obedient to his vow he turned from her, and to all her expressions of love, to all her appeals, made no reply, though he waved her off with feelings of agony no less heart-breaking than her own. Still he preserved his faith in Sarastro, and broke not his vow. As Pamina retired, the two high priests returned to lead the Prince and his servant away. Tamino obeyed at once.

The priests with Sarastro again assembled in the dark temple. The chief ordered the Prince and Princess to be brought in. Pamina had lost her faith in Sarastro's promise. He bade the lovers take leave of each other, but comforted them with the assurance that Tamino would endure to the end, and that they would soon meet in joy. The cause of Tamino's apparent coldness at the interview in the garden was explained to Pamina; but her faith was shaken, and when her lover was again led from the assembly, her reason gave way.

But the crisis had passed. The sound of the flute in the distance, and the assurance that the coldness of Tamino was not real, that her love was returned in fullest measure, restored her to herself, and she besought to be brought at once to him to share his fate, whatever it might be. This was granted.

Tamino was now brought to the last test, that of purification by the elements. He was led to the gates of the burning lake, and boldly gave the command, "Open the terrible portals!" At this moment came Pamina. She unhesitatingly besought permission to join him. It was granted. So, leaning on his arm, they passed through the fiery billows — ascended the broad stairs into the temple, and knelt before the altar and Sarastro, amid acclamations of triumph.

The eventful night was now nearly over, but the Queen of Night still hoped to have her revenge. Her three women accompanied by Monostatos, whom she had inflamed against Sarastro, sought stealthily to destroy him. But at this moment, at a sign from him, the wall, which alone divided him from his enemies, disappeared, and the bright rays of the glorious morning sun darted full upon them. Like obscene birds of night, they fled its rays forever, while Tamino and Pamina joined hands, and received the blessing of the Priest-Ruler, amid the joyous and triumphant chorus of priests and the grand assembly.

IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

(THE MAGIC FLUTE.)

ATTO I.

SCENA I.—TAMINO inseguito da un Serpente.

Tam. Oh! stelle! socruso! nell' aspro cimento,
Inutile è il corso; il sibilo sento!
Gran Nume del Cielo che insolito gelo!
Alta! nel seno vien meno il valor.

[*Scienze.—S' apre il tempio, e sortono le tre Damigelle della Regina della Notte coperte di un velo.*]

Damigelle. Vinto è già il mostro; già il mostro perì.
Vittoria! vittoria! il braccio nostro
L' impresa compì! L' estremo fato
Lo sventurato, per noi fuggì.

[*Guardando Tamino.*]

Prima Dama. Qual leggiadro giovinetto!

Seconda Dama. Mai non vidi un più bel volto!

Terza Dama. Certo par fra i Geni eletto.

[*Sempre guardando Tamino.*]

A. tre. Se piagarmi amor destina,
M' arda fiamma ognor sì bella.
Sì compagne alla Regina,
Via si rechi la novella;
Il garzon forse a quell' alma,
La sua calma renderà.

Prima Dama. Partite? orsù, di noi
Qul sola io resterò!

Seconda Dama. No, no; de' giorni suoi
La cura io prenderò.

Terza Dama. No, no; meglio di voi
Difender lo io saprò.

A. tre. Io partire!—ah non fia vero!
Sole qui? vago è il pensiero.
No, no; quest' esser non può!
Oh! potessi al dolce amore
Tutti offrir gli affetti miei;
Seco trarre i giorni, e l' ora.
Ma lo vietano gli Dei!
Meglia sia partir di qua.
Tu riposa, o vago, addio;
A me menti, idolo mio;
La tua fida tornerà.

[*Partono.*]

Tam. Sogno, o pur vivo ancor? Qual m'è serbato Sovra-
mano poter! Come! A miei piedi estinto il
mostro! [*Si sente di nuovo un suono.*] Intesi un
suon! Qual loco, fia questo mai? S' appressa
alcuno. Undiamo.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—TAMINO, followed by a Serpent.

Tam. Help! oh help! or else I am lost,
Of the cunning serpent a certain victim.
Merciful gods! it even now approaches!
Oh, save! oh, protect me!

[*He falls fainting.—The temple opens, and three veiled Ladies, attendants on the Queen of Night, come forth.*]

The Ladies. Die, monster, by our hands.
Triumph! triumph! it is accomplished.
'Tis an heroic deed! By the courage
Of our arms he is freed.

[*Looking at Tamino.*]

First Lady. A noble youth! gentle and handsome!

Second Lady. So handsome as I ne'er have seen.

Third Lady. Yes, yes; handsome enough to be painted.

[*Still looking at Tamino.*]

All three. Could I my heart to love devote,
'Twould be to this fair youth.
Let us to our Princess hasten,
To her this news to impart.
Perhaps this young and handsome man
May bring her back her former rest.

First Lady. Go, then, and tell the news,
And I, meanwhile, will stay.

Second Lady. No, no; go you yourself!
I will watch over him.

Third Lady. No, No; that cannot be—
I will remain to guard him.

All three. I should away—ha, ha! how good!
They'd gladly be with him alone.
No, no; that cannot be.
What would I give
If I but with this youth might live,
That is, all by myself.
It cannot be. They do not go;
It's best, then, that I go myself.
Thou handsome and lovely youth!
Thou gentle one, farewell,
Till I see thee once again.

[*Exeunt.*]

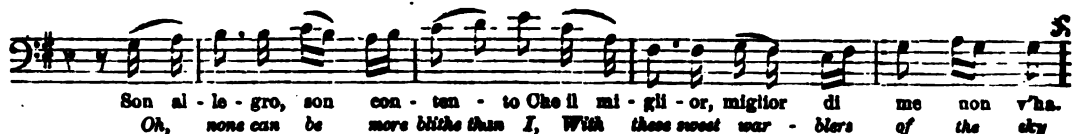
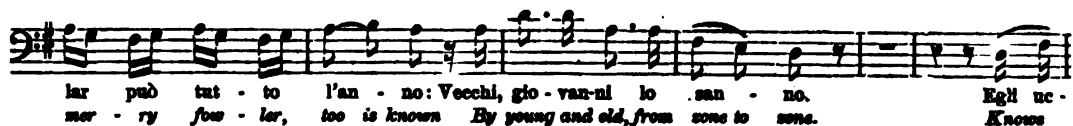
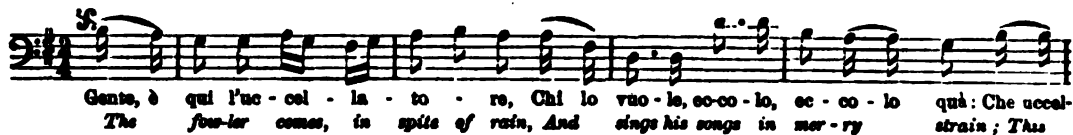
Tam. Where am I? What! the poisonous snake lies dead
beside me! [*A sylvan Flute is heard in the dis-
tance.*] What do I see? A man approaches
through the valley

SCENE I.—PAPAGENO, TAMINO.

SCENE II.—PAPAGENO, TAMINO.

GENTE E QUI L'UCCELATORE—THE FOWLER COMES IN SPITE OF RAIN

AIR. PAPAGENO.



Gente, è qui l'uccellatore,
Chi lo vuole eccolo qua;
Che uccellar può tutto l'anno;
Vecchi e giovani lo sanno:
Di donnette una domina
Per simbelli aver vorrei,
E venire a me vedrei
Tutte le altre in quantità.

The fowler comes in spite of rain,
And sings his song in merry strain.
This merry fowler, too, is known,
By young and old, from zone to zone.
A net for maidens I should like
Would catch the pretty dears by dozens;
I'd shut them safely up at home,
And never let them forth to roam.

Tam. Oh!
Pap. Cos'è?
Tam. Chi sei?
Pap. Bella domanda! Un' uoma, non vedi; e tu?
Tam. La tua figura, le piume, il passo dubitar mi fanno!

Pap. Che mi credi un' ucello?
Tam. Eh lascia!
Pap. Orsù bel bello, fatti indietro, perchè queste due mani
han forza di gigante: e quando acciappo, s' ha
paura va ben; s' è bravo, lo scappo.
Tam. Ha forza di gigante! oh amico! ah forse! Lo ti deb-
bio la vita! Ah! tu quel serpe orribile uccidesti?
Pap. Che serpe? [Guarda il serpe e si tra indietro.] Ah,
che bestiacchia! è vivo o morto?
Tam. E del grato mio core il tributo ricusi, modesto al par
che forte?
Pap. E' morto, è basta; non se ne parli più.
Tam. Ma tu senz' armi. Dimmi come l' hai vinto?
Pap. Io colle dita finisco la accenda in un momento ed
oggi più che mai saldo mi sento.

SCENA III.—Tre Damsigelle velate e detti.

Damsigelle. Papageno!
Pap. Capisco; guarda, amico. Queste vengono per me.
Tam. Per te? chi sono?

Tam. Holla!
Pap. What's that?
Tam. What art thou, friend?
Pap. What am I? a man, like thyself; dost not see?
Tam. Thy figure, thy step, and these feathers, make me
doubt.
Pap. Do you, then, take me for a bird?
Tam. Well, something like it!
Pap. Hold back, and do not rouse my anger, for I have a
giant's strength, if I lay my hands upon any one.
Tam. A giant's, saidst thou? Then it was thou who con-
quered the serpent?
Pap. Serpent! [Looking at the serpent in astonishment] Ah!
is it dead or alive?
Tam. But how couldst thou conquer him! Thou hast no
weapon.
Pap. I require none: my hands serve for weapons.
Tam. But couldst thou, without a weapon?
Pap. These fingers were sufficient; I never felt stronger
than I do to-day.

SCENE III.—The same.—Three Ladies.

The Ladies. Papageno!
Pap. Ah! they call for me! Look around, friend.
Tam. For thee? Who are these ladies?

Pap. Non lo so nemmeno io: ma tutti i giorni visitan questa gabbia; e in ricompensa, mi portano li-
quor, frutta e ciameolle.

Tam. Sembran vaghe donzelle.
Pap. Quando coprono il viso, è brutto segno.

Damigella. Papageno! [*In collera.*
Pap. Che vuol dire, che siete oggi sì indiatolate? Via,
ragazze, guardate; oggi abbiain buone prese.

Primo Dama. La Regina. Manda quest' aureo ordigno,
Perchè i labbri ti chiuda.

[*Gli applica un luchetto alla bocca.*
Seconda Dama. [*A Tamino.*] Osserva è questo. Della
sua figlia il volto. [*Gli dà un ritratto.*] L'onor ti
guidi; addio! [*Parte.*

Primo Dama. Papageno, buon dì.
Terza Dama. Non beve v troppo. [*Parte.*

SCENE IV.—TAMINO, PAPAGENO.

ARIA.

Tam. Oh! cara immagine, e senza eguale;
Che non v' ha simile idea mortale.
Sento nel petto, sento che ignoto
Celeste moto m' agita il cor.
Io quest' affetto non so che sia;
Ma l' alma mia s' empie d' ardor.
Forse amor m' ha il sen piagato,
Ma l' usato amor non è
Se a mi parla un sol' instante
Mi conduce amico sorte!
Ah! vorrei stringela al sen;
E vorrei vivere amante,
Fra le dolci sue ritorte;
O per lei morire almen.

SCENA V.—Due Damigelle, TAMINO e PAPAGENO.

Primo Dama. Giovine avventurato, tutto udì la Regina; i
guardi, i moti.

Seconda Dama. Osservò del tuo volto; aperto è il core di
tua felicità. Parl all' amore, se quell' alma ha
valore, disse, salva è mia figlia, egli è felice.

Tam. Salva! che avvenne.

Primo Dama. A lei l' amat figlia tolse poc' anzi un rap-
tore indegno.

Tam. Ah! fu rapita! ah! Pamina! ah! mia vita [*Smen-
tozza.*] Ah! chi colà mi guida? andiamo; io vado.
Volo a salvar Pamina; giuro sì questo cor! [*Si
sente una forte strepito di musica grave e maestosa.*]
Qual suon! che fia?

Primo Dama. La tremenda armonia precede la Regina:
ella si appressa.

Seconda Dama. Ecco che giunge. [*Truono.*
Terza Dama. E dessa.

SCENA VI.—LA REGINA del Tempio: detti.

RECITATIVO.

Reg. Oh non temer, amato figlio,
Un innocente giovane tu sei.
Un giovan come tu sa consolare
Il cuore d'una madre, ah! che piange

ARIA.

Condannata a soffrir l' amato figlia
Ho da pianger dal fianco mio rapita
Un barbaro, un crudel me la rapì.
Terribil momento,
O crudo spavento.

Pap. Who they really are, is more than I know. I only
know that they daily take my birds, and that, in
return, they give me wine, and cake, and figs.

Tam. They are, doubtless, very beautiful.

Pap. I should think not!—or why hide their faces?

The Ladies. Papageno! [*Angrily.*

Pap. What makes you all so cross to day? Here, dear
ladies, are the birds.

First Lady. From the Queen I bring this golden padlock
to close thy mouth.

[*Puts the padlock on his lips.*
Second Lady. [*To Tamino.*] See, this picture the great Prin-
cess has sent to thee. [*Gives him a picture.*] It is the
likeness of her daughter. Adieu! [*Exit.*

First Lady. Papageno, good bye. [*Exit.*

Third Lady. Drink not too much. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—TAMINO, PAPAGENO.

AIR.

Tam. O, beauteous form, with semblance fair,
No mortal may with thee compare!
What rapture does the sight impart,
What mingled feelings thrill my heart.
Oh, say from whence these tumults rise,
And fill this bosom with surprise?
Perchance 'tis love that wakes such bliss,
For 'tis no common feeling, this.
One moment might those eyes behold
The form whose semblance here I hold!
To clasp the fair one to my heart,
Would every mortal wish impart!
Till death would I her slave remain,
Nor ever murmur at the chain.

SCENE V.—The Ladies, TAMINO, and PAPAGENO.

First Lady. With courage, oh, most gracious youth, now
arm thyself; the Princess—

Second Lady. Has commanded that your happiness be com-
plete. If this youth, saith she, possesseth as much
courage and valor as tenderness of heart, my
daughter is surely restored to me.

Tam. Restored! What do I hear?

First Lady. An evil demon stole the beauteous maid away.

Tam. Carried off! Where does the tyrant dwell? [*Dis-
tressed.*] Come, lead me to his haunt. I fly to
save Pamina, even with my life. [*Solemn and
majestic music is heard.*] Ye gods, what's that?

First Lady. This is the harmony which heralds our good
Queen.

Second Lady. Behold, she comes! [*Thunder.*

Third Lady. 'Tis she.

SCENE VI.—The QUEEN of the Temple and the same.

RECITATIVE.

Queen. Fear not, beloved son;
Your innocence and piety are known to me!
It is yours, wise youth, it is yours to put an end
To the sorrows of an afflicted mother.

AIR.

Here, 'mid griefs and dread alarms,
I weep the livelong night and day;
A daughter from my longing arms,
Torn by barbarous hands away.
I saw, imploring aid,

Il suo tremare,
Il suo lagrimare,
Suona ancor nel mio core.
O ciel! la misera grido,
Ma per salvarci cara figlia,
La tua madre non bastò.

The struggles that she made;
I heard the accents wild,
The wailings of my child:
Still the sounds impart
Chill horror to my heart.
To Heaven the loved one cried in vain.
Nor could a mother's arm restrain
The monster's rage, or aid obtain.

VA! RITORLA!—HASTE! HASTE! HASTE! AIR. THE QUEEN.

Val ri - tor - la, ri - tor - la al ra - pi - to - re, Tu mi puoi ren - der la fi - gla. Sì
Haste! haste! haste! and give the captive free - dom, And in this should'st thou succeed, Yes!

Tu mi puoi ren - der la fi - gla! E se tor - ni vin - ci - to - re, Gran mer
yes! in this should'st thou suc - ceed, Should these arms a - gain en - fold her, Show'st of

ce - dea to da - rò Gran mer - ce
gold shall crown the deed, Show'st of gold.....

de a te..... da - rò, a te da - rò, a te da - rò.
..... shall crown..... the deed, shall crown the deed, shall crown the deed.

[Parte con le tre Damsigelle.

[Exit with three Ladies.

SCENA VII.—TAMINO, indi PAPAGENO.

Tam. L'udir—la vidi—è vero?
O vanebbio co' sensi
L'ingannato pensiero! Oh! amor, tu reggi
Questa man, questo ferro. Ah! secondate,
Gran numi, i voti miei!
Saprò pugnar, saprò morir per lei!

[Vuol partire; Papageno lo trattiene, facendogli vedere il
lucchetto sulla bocca.

Pap. Hum! hum! hum!

Tam. Perchè menti? mentir non lice;
Quell' infelice ammantoli.

SCENE VII.—TAMINO, PAPAGENO.

Tam. Have I heard? have I seen her?
Is it true? or is it but a delusion?
Oh, love, direct this hand, this steel!
Oh, ye gods, favor my vows!
What a pleasure to fight
And to die for her!

[Offers to go, but Papageno stops him, and points to the
padlock on his lips.

Pap. Hm! hm! hm!

Tam. He was guilty of a falsehood,
And for a punishment he is struck dumb.

Pap. Hum! hum! hum!
Tam. Che far poss'io nel tuo tormento!
 Indarno io sento di te pietà.
Pap. Hum! hum! hum!

SCENA VIII.—*Le tre Ninfe, ed i sudditi*

Primo Dama. [Gli leva il lucchetto dalla bocca.]
 L'alta dea già ti perdona,
 E il labbro ti sprigiona.
Pap. Può Papageno dunque parlar?
Secondo Dama. Parlar sì, ma non mentire.
Pap. Io mentir?—mai più; nò, no:
Damigelle. E per te fia questo il pegno,
 E per me
A cinque. Se ogni accento mentitore
 Sempre chiuso il varco avesse,
 Sulla frode, e sul livore
 Regnerebbe amore, e fe.
Primo Dama. [Da un flauto d'oro a Tamino.]
 A te cortese—un nobil dono
 La Dea stellifera—ecco invì.
 Nell'alte imprese—l' eletto suono
 Ti può difendere—guidar ti può.
Secondo Dama. Per lui scoprir—dell' alma i voti,
 E puoi del cor—reggere i moti.
 Gli affanni il misero—si scorderà;
 L' alma più gelida—amar saprà.
A cinque. Ah! maggior fia questo dono
 Che noi sono—i serti, e l' or,
 Se per lui, se più felice
 Render lice—il mondo ancor.
Pap. Orsù belle—damigelle,
 Me ne vò—con buono grasia.
Damigelle. Non partir, che la Regina
 Ti destina—ad opra audace.
 Tu del prence omai seguace,
 Va Sarastro a debellar.
Pap. No: ragazze; troppo onore—
 Da voi pur l' intesi già
 Che colui di tigre ha il core,
 Che di me senza pietà
 Farà tosto un lesso, un rosto,
 E a' suoi can mi getterà.
Damigelle. Teco è il prence; a lui ti fida,
 El tua guida—ognor sarà.
Pap. Eh! il prence vada—alla malora,
 Che a me piace di campar.
 E, quando accada—il prence ancora
 Mi potrebbe abbandonar.
Primo Dama. Via prendi; questo dono è sol per te.
 [Gli dà una muchinetta di legno, il suono della quale pro-
 muove l' allegria.]
Pap. Oh! quà dentro cosa c' è?
Secondo Dama. V' è un dolce squillo; l' odi suonar.
Pap. E tintinar—io lo potrò?
A Cinque. L'uccellatore—sì sì lo può.
 Sì quel flauto, sì quel suono.
 Vostro scudo ed arme sono.
 Nostro cari addio:
 Convien partire vi guidi onor.
Tam. e Deh! belle dite? Deh! per pietà.
Pap. Dove il nemico si troverà?
Damigelle. Tre bei garzon lucenti
 Sull' ali d' oro a voi dal ciel verranno.
 Essi il sentier—v' additeranno
 Quei condottier—uopo è seguir.
Tam. e Tre bei garzon lucenti
Pap. Sull' ali d' or verranno?
Damigelle. Essi il sentier—v' additeranno
 Quei condottier—uopo è seguir.

[Partono.]

SCENE VIII.—*The three Ladies.—The same.*

First Lady. [Takes the padlock off Papageno's lips.]
 The Queen is merciful,
 And remits thy punishment through me.
Pap. And now may Papageno chatter on?
Second Lady. Yes, chatter, but never lie again.
Pap. I ne'er will lie again—no, never.
The Ladies. Let this be the pledge.
All five. If every tongue, when falsehood speaking,
 Could have a lock to make it whist;
 Instead of gall and scandal seeking,
 Love and friendship would exist.
First Lady. [Presenting a golden Flute to Tamino.]
 The goddess, who thy cause befriends,
 To thee this noble present sends;
 Its wondrous music has the power
 To guide thee safe in danger's hour.
Second Lady. The bosom's wish it can reveal,
 And tell the vow the heart would seal
 Its sounds the wretch's woes remove,
 And melt the coldest heart to love.
All five. So, this magic flute is more
 Than gold and kingdoms worth:
 All grief and sorrow turning
 To joy, o'er all the earth.
Pap. And now, ladies,
 With your leave, I'll go.
The Ladies. Thou couldst freely go, but that
 The Princess here commands thee
 With the Prince to go thy way
 Unto Sarastro's tower.
Pap. I thank her for the honor—
 But even from yourselves I've heard
 That he's a very tiger;
 And that this said Sarastro
 Would have me plucked
 And roasted for his dogs.
The Ladies. Think on the Prince, he will protect thee,
 And thou his faithful guide shalt be.
Pap. The Prince may risk his royal being!
 But I more value mine.
 He may repent when all too late:
 I'd rather, now, decline.
First Lady. Nay, take this jewel—'tis for thee.
 [Gives him the Magic Flute and Bells, which produce a
 magical sound.]
Pap. Eh, eh! what has it got within?
Second Lady. Within thou hear'st that bells are ringing.
Pap. Can I so play it, lovely ladies?
All five. Oh yes, the birdcatcher himself.
 Silver bells and flutes of magic,
 Shielding all who hear their tones.
 Fare thee well, may honor crown,
 And may'st thou win a fair renown.
Tam. & Fair ladies, tell us now, we pray,
Pap. Where we this monster may waylay?
The Ladies. Three winged youths will fly before ye,
 And point you out the way;
 Follow the counsel they may give.
 Farewell! away, away!
Tam. & Three youths, with golden wings, will rise
Pap. And point us out the way.
The Ladies. Fare thee well—to stay were vain—
 Farewell, farewell, until we meet again.

[Exeunt all.]

SCENA IX.—Camera Egiziana.—MONOSTATO, PAMINA,
condotta da schiavi.

Mon. Colomba tenera, venite quà!
 Pam. Che monstro orribile! che crudeltà!
 Mon. Morir, morir, dovete!
 Pam. La morte non pavento.
 Ma d'una madre—il fier tormento,
 Ah! che la pena—l'ucciderà.
 Mon. Ehi! schiava, una catena [Gli schiavi s'incatenano.
 La mia rabbia hai da provar.
 Pam. Deh! la mia morte affretta;
 Se non sai barbaro—sentir pietà
 Mo. Ohi, ohi,—vò sol con lei restar. [Gli schiavi partono.

SCENA X.—PAPAGENO e detti.

I. Chi mi dice ove io mi sia?
 Non so affe! c'è campagna;
 Or vediamo, vediamo, cos'è.
 Ragazza vaga, e bella;
 Più chiara d'una stella.
 Pam. [Vedendosi sì spaventato.]
 Ah! qualche diavolo, costui—sa—rà.
 Mon. [Misericordia!—per carità—
 Ah! ah! ah! [Fuggono tutti due.

SCENA XI.—PAMINA, indi PAPAGENO.

Pam. Madre! madre! ah! m'ascolta! [Parla in sogno.]
 Come! io respiro ancora? ancor mi batti. [Ris-
 viene, e guarda intorno con timore.] Questo povero
 core—ah? ch'io risorge per soffrir nuovi affanni!
 —quando vi piacerete, astri tiranni!
 Pam. Che pazzo da legare, lasciarmi spaventare da quel
 brutto mostaccio! Oh! sta qui sola quella ragaz-
 za ancora. Fosse la figlia della gran signora, Re-
 gina della Notte?
 Pam. Regina della Notte? garzon, che chiedi?
 Pam. [Con gravità affettata] Un messo son dell'Astriflam-
 mante.
 Pam. Oh ciel! che dici? Della tenera madre? Come t'
 appelli?
 Pam. Papageno. Il nome spesso udii ma te non vidi.
 Pam. Dunque la mia conosci madre, e regina?
 Pam. Lei conosco bene, ma non la sua figliuola.
 Pam. Io sono.
 Pam. Or ora, Lo vedremo, aspettate, [Tira fuori il ritratto.]
 Occhio, sì nero, bocca stretta (va ben); labbri di
 foco—(meglio); naso un pò riccio—ottimamente);
 Pelo castagno scuro—(a meraviglia.) Fin qui tutto
 somiglia, Ma v'è una differenza, Gambe, e mani
 vi trovo, e questo è senza. [Guardando il ritratto.
 Pam. Lascia, lascia, ch'io veda—ah, sì, son'io! Da chi
 l'avesti?
 Pam. Da una mano all'altra; passò, lunga è la storia ven-
 ite, o non venite!
 Pam. E il principe—e l'amore—orsù. Perdona! Là
 dove prende—Amor ricetto, facil s'accende—
 ancor Pietà!

SCENE IX.—Egyptian Room.—MONOSTATOS, PAMINA,
conducted by Slaves.

Mon. Thou pretty little darling one!
 Pam. Oh, wretched martyr! direful pain!
 Mon. How precious is thy love!
 Pam. The pains of death I fear not;
 But thou, my mother, pin'st in grief,
 With none to bring thy heart relief.
 Mon. Ah! slaves, there! let her straight be bound:
 [Slaves put chains on Pamina
 My rage shall sure be sated.
 Pam. Oh, let me rather dead be found,
 If thus to worse than woe I'm fated.
 Mon. Away, and leave us two alone. [Exeunt Slaves.

SCENE X.—PAPAGENO.—The Same

Pap. Where am I now? where can I be?
 Aha! I see some people;
 I'll even venture in.
 A maiden, young and fair,
 With garments rich and rare.
 Pam. [Seeing each other.]
 That is the devil, sure as fate.
 Mon. Have mercy, and commiserate.
 Ah, ah, ah. [They run off

SCENE XI.—PAMINA, afterwards PAPAGENO.

Pam. Mother! mother! [Talks in her sleep.] How am I
 still alive? [Awakes, and looks anxiously around.]
 Yes, my heart still beats. Alas! to more afflic-
 tions I awake. When, oh ye powers, will ye be
 appeased.
 Pam. Must I not have been a fool to have allowed myself
 to be thus frightened! Here is the lovely maiden
 still! perhaps the daughter of the Queen of Night!
 Pam. The Queen of Night? Who art thou?
 Pam. [Pompously.] An ambassador from Astriflamante.
 Pam. Heavens! What did you say? My dear mother?
 Your name?
 Pam. Papageno. That is the name I am known by.
 Pam. And thou knowest my mother?
 Pam. The Queen I know, but not her daughter.
 Pam. I am she.
 Pam. Just let me look. [Taking out portrait.] Black eyes—
 (right); mouth small—lips red—(better); nose
 rather turned up—(exactly); Hair, dark brown—
 (very beautiful). So far the likeness is good, but
 you have legs and arms, and this has neither. [Looking at the portrait
 Pam. Permit me—yes, yes, 'tis I. From whom did you
 get it?
 Pam. Well it was given from one to the other, but the story
 is a long one. The Prince is dying for you; will
 you come or no?
 Pam. Pardon me—I come. Love has inflamed my heart,
 and all my sympathies awakened.

LA DOVE PRENDE—THE MANLY HEART. DUET. PAMINA and PAPAGENO.

PAMINA.

PAPAGENO.



Là do - ve pren-de, amor ri - cet - to, Sì fa, che accen-de ancor pie-tà. Dun que esser
 The man - ly heart, with love o'er-flow-ing, Each fair-er Vir - tue calls its own, 'Tis beau - ty's

Nel nos - tro sen, sol reg - ni a -
Hail, sacred love! thro' heav'n and

grata, al nostro af - fet - to, La don - na a - mata, og - nor do - vrà. Nel nos - tro sen, sol reg - ni a -
task, soft smiles be - stow - ing, To share and soothe the lov - er's mean. Hail, sacred love! thro' heav'n and

mor, E per suo ben, vi - va og - ni cor, E per suo ben vi - va og - ni cor.
earth; Hail, sacred flame, that gave us birth! Hail, sa - cred flame, that gave us birth!

PAMINA.

I nostri af - fanni, ac - que ta a - mo - re, A lui so - get - to, è il mon - do in
And love, the ill of life..... be - guil - ing, The soul in will - ing bond - are

PAPAGENO.

ter. Al gior - ni, agl' - anni. ei dà sa - po - re, Con il di - letto, e col pia
leads; And while to peace each trou - ble smiling, Its po - tent sway all sa - turv

PAMINA.

D'e suoi de - sir, del suo gio - ir, Nò, do - no il Ciel, più bel non ha, Nò,
Nor aught can dear - er rap - tures prove, Than two fond hearts that tru - ly love, Than

PAPAGENO.

cer. D'e suoi de - sir, del suo gio - ir, Nò, do - no il Ciel più bel non ha, Nò,
pleads. Nor aught can dear - er rap - tures prove, Than two fond hearts that tru - ly love, Than

do - no il Ciel, più bel non ha. Don - na ed uom,
two fond hearts that tru - ly love! Love and truth,

se ac - cop - pia a - mor, Don - na ed uom se ac - cop - pia a - mor, Donna ed uom ne go - de -
and truth and love— Love and truth, and truth and love, Em - u - late the joys a -

ra; Donna ed uom se ac-coppia amor, Donna ed uom ne go - de - ra,.....
 love; Love and truth, and truth and love, En-u - lute the joys a - love,.....

..... ne go - de - ra,..... ne go - de - ra.
 the joys a - love,..... the joys a - love.

[Partono.

SCENA XII.—Boschetto. *E Tempo.*—Il Genj, con rami di fiori in mano conducono TAMINO.

FINALE.

- Il Genj.* Te guida a palma nobile
 Garzon l' altero segno;
 Ma fianc il pegno
 Indomita costanza—fede, e silenzio.
Tam. Oh! amici, voi dite almen,
 Se la Pamina salvar potrò?
Il Genj. Lo chiedi invan; rammenta
 Sol di serbar costanza, fede e silenzio.
 Pensa, pensa, o Signor, qual esser dei,
 E spera allor, palme, e trofei.

[Partono i Genj.

- Tam.* Numi, que' detti istessi,
 Sempre vivranno entro il mio core impressi!
 Oh ciel! che veggio! Che fia di me?
 De' Numi il seggio questo fors' è?
 Ah! tutto d' intono, ah! parmi che dica;
 Qui l' util fatica, qui l' arti han soggiorno.
 Industrie sudore, se l' ozio fugò,
 Mal fermo, signore, là il visio regnò!
 Dell' anima accesa—si segna l' ardor:
 E nobil l' impresa—e puro il mio cor.
 Sì tremi il rapitor! Salvar Pamina
 E mio dover.

Di dentro. Arresta!

Tam. Arresta? All' altra porta dunque si vada.

[Va alla porta a sinistra, e sente una voce come sopra.

Di dentro. Arresta!

Tam. Qual pure alcun m' arresta?

[Si guarda intorno.

Per l' entrata maggiore
 Alfin si tenti penetrar.

[Batte alla porta di mezzo, ed esce un vecchio Sacerdote.

- Sac.* Dove stranier t' inoltri?
 In questo tempio, audace, che cerchi?
Tam. D' onore il seggio, e di virtù.
Sac. Favella—degnà d' un nobil cor.
 Ma come sperì? giungervi mai?
 Tuoi duci amor, virtù, non son;
 Vendetta e sdegno te guidan solo.
Tam. E' ver, ma contro un empio.
Sac. Che qui trovar non si portria.
Tam. Sarastro, di, non è qui, Signor?

[Esce.

SCENE XII.—A Sacred Grove. TAMINO and Three Boys.

FINALE.

- The three Boys.* To the goal this path will lead thee;
 But thou, oh youth, must bravely conquer;
 Still thou must our caution hear,—
 Be steadfast, patient, and discreet.
Tam. Ye gracious fairy ones, oh say,
 Whether Pamina I may save.
The Boys. To make this known is not for us.
 Be steadfast, patient, and discreet.
 Think of our words, and be a man;
 Then, oh youth, thou'lt chance to conquer.

[Esce.

- Tam.* The wise instruction of these youths
 Be ever on my heart engraved.
 Where am I now? What will come next?
 Is this the dwelling-place of all the gods?
 The portals show, and so the pillars,
 That industry and art abound.
 Where industry full sway obtains,
 Vice no more can hold the reins.
 I will venture boldly into the portals.
 The purpose is noble, and pure, and clear:
 So, tremble, cowardly villain,
 My duty tells me I must save Pamina.

Voices within. Back!

Tam. Back! then I must try the other gate.

[He goes towards the door on the right.

Voices within. Back!

Tam. Here, too, they call, 'Back!'

[Goes to the other gate, and again hears voices.

There I see another door;
 Perhaps at it I may find entry.

[He knocks—an aged priest appears.

- Priest.* Whither wilt thou, bold youth?
 What seek'st thou here? this sanctuary?
Tam. The abode of love and virtue.
Priest. Thy words are noble,
 But where dost thou hope to discover these?
 Love and virtue do not lead thee,
 Murder and revenge alone inflame thee.
Tam. Only for vengeance on the villain.
Priest. A thing thou'lt never find with us.
Tam. Sarastro governs in these valleys?

Sac. Sì, sì, Sarastro e' qui, Signor,
Tam. Nel tempio regna egli pur?
Sac. In questo loco istesso ei regna, è vero.
Tam. Oh Dio! dunque mendace e' quel virtù
 [Vuel partire.]

Sac. Garzon, così t' affretti?
Tam. Sì, vuol partir; si fuggo;
 Fremo a mirar quel tempio.
Sac. Meglio ti spiega almen, forse t' inganna misero error.
Tam. Sarastro è vostro re; saper di più non curo.
Sac. O morto attendi, o varro
 Rispondi; non partir.
Tam. Dunque Sarastro! sì, lo sempre l' odierò.
 Troppo m' è nota l' alma rea;
 Non tolse Pamina al sen della sua madre?
Sac. E vero, sì Pamina rapì.
Tam. Deh! tu m' addita ove l' asconde.
 Ah; forse immolata già fu!
Sac. M' impone, o figliò—santo dover
 E di guardar—E di tacer.
Tam. Ah! questo arcano mi svela almen.
Sac. Voler sovrano, me l' chiude in sen.
Tam. Deh! quando fia che il vel si tolga?
Sac. Ascolta. Quando dal ciel—scesa amantè,
 A un cor fedel—ti stringerà.
Tam. Oh strani detti! e chi v' intende? I rai.
 Quando vedrò del giorno?
Coro di dentro. Oggi o non mai.
Tam. Oggi, intesi; o non mai!
 Deh! Nume ignoto,
 Parla: Pamina, vive ancor?
Coro. Sì figliò—Vive Pamina ancor.
Tam. Vive? Respiro.
 Grazie, Numi del ciel. Oh! spiegarvi
 Sapessi almen, quel che nel core io sento,
 In ogni accento, i grati sensi miei.
 Dove sfogar vorrei!

[Si tocca il core, e suona.]

Priest. Yes, yes, Sarastro governs here.
Tam. But in the Temple of Wisdom?
Priest. Yes, he rules in the Temple of Wisdom.
Tam. Then all is but hypocrisy.
 [Is going.]

Priest. Wilt thou depart again, then?
Tam. Yes, I will go, and gay and free,
 Never more your temple see.
Priest. Explain thyself to me: a mistake deceives thee.
Tam. Sarastro governs here, that is enough for me!
Priest. If thou lovest life, speak—here thou must remain.
 Sarastro dost thou hate?
Tam. I hate him—yes, and ever shall!
 The robber, without pity, tore
 Pamina from her mother's arms!
Priest. Yes, youth, what thou say'st is true.
Tam. Where is she whom he stole away?
 Perhaps by this time sacrificed?
Priest. To tell thee this, dear sir,
 Is more than I may venture.
Tam. Explain this riddle—deceive me not.
Priest. My tongue is bound by oath and duty.
Tam. When will it be released?
Priest. So soon as friendship's hand shall lead thee
 To the sanctuary of th' immortal union.
Tam. Oh night, how soon wilt thou have vanished?
 When will my eye have found the light?
Some Voices. Soon, youth, or never.
Tam. Soon, you say, or never?
 Ye invisible ones, oh, tell me,
 Does Pamina still live?
Voices. Pamina still lives.
Tam. She lives! I thank thee.
 Thanks, ye celestial deities!
 Oh, could I by this express
 The feelings of my heart,
 Its every tone would speak my gratitude.
 [Puts his hand upon his heart, then plays.]

[Takes his Flute.]

QUEL SUONO OHIME! QUEL SUON PERCHE—OH, THIS SWEET FLUTE'S SOFT
 MAGIC TONE. AIR. TAMINO.

Quel suo - no oh-me! quel suon per - chè, All' aspre sel - ve dà sen - so an - co - ra Le
 Oh, this sweet flute's soft ma - gic tone, Can melt a heart of hardest stone, And

era - de bel - ve..... mo - ve, Le crude bel - ve move, e in-na - mq - ra.
 sense - less things to..... rap - ture move, But not Pa - mi - na's breast to love.

Quel suon, per - chè dà sen - so! Perché alle selve dà sen - so an -
 Oh, this sweet flute's soft ma - gic tone, Can melt a heart of hard - est,

co - ra, Per - chè le bel - ve..... mo - ve, Le crude bel - ve inno-mo - ra. E sol Pa -
 hardest stone, And sense-less things to..... rap-ture move, But not Pa - mi - na's, No, not Pa -

mi - na, sol Pa - mi - na no' i se-gui - rà! sol Pa - mi - na no' i se-gui - rà.
 mi - na's, not Pa - mi - na's breast to love! not Pa - gi - na's breast to love

Pamina ascoltami.
 Ah! vano è già! deh! chi a lei guidami?
[Suona di nuovo, e Papageno risponde di dentro.
 Ma non m'inganna, è quello di Papageno il suono.
[Torna a suonare; Papageno risponde.
 Chi sa s'ei vien, già la scopri?
 Chi sa? il mio ben forse il seguì.
 Chi sa? già, invitami a lei cost. *[Parte.*

SCENA XIII.—PAPAGENO, e PAMINA in libertà.

A 2. Piede snello, ardito cor
 D'ogni mal mi liberò.
 Ma Tamino il tuo Signor,
 Dove mai ei si ficcò?
Pam. Caro bene.
Pap. Zitto, zitto. Il mio pifero è miglior.
[Suona e Tamino gli risponde di dentro col Flauto.
A 2. Ah speranza del mio core?
 Noi Tamino ascolta già.
 Vien di qua: di là lo sento,
 Qual contento fia mai questo!
 Presto, presto a lui si vada.

SCENA XIV.—MONOSTATO, e detti.

Mon. Presto, presto a lui si vada
 Ah! v'ho colti a mezza strada;
 Corde, e ferri per costoro.
 Chi sia il Moro, lo vedrete;
 Di Monostato burlarvi?
 Tosto in carcere anderete;
 Là vi voglio incatenar.
Pam. e Pap. Ah! per noi non v'è pietà.
Mon. Presto, schiavi, presto ohi!
[Vengono schiavi con catene.
Pap. Coll'ardir tutto si fa—
 Campanin! campanin mio
 Fa sonare il tintinnio
 In que' petti maledetti.
[Suona Monostato e gli schiavi si scostano, rapiti dal suono, ballano, e cantano.

Pamina, hear, oh, hear me!
 In vain! where, can I hope to find thee?
[Plays again; Papageno answers.
 Ha, that's Papageno's dulcet tone!
[He plays again; Papageno answers.
 Perhaps he has already seen Pamina;
 Perhaps she comes in haste to me;
 Perhaps these notes will lead me to her. *[Exit.*

SCENE XIII.—PAPAGENO, PAMINA.

Both. Nimble feet, and dauntless courage,
 May save us from the foe's dread rage.
 Could we but Tamino find—
 Else they will sure surprise us.
Pam. Gracious youth!
Pap. Hush! we are not yet out of danger!
[He whistles; Tamino answers with the Flute.
Both. What joy can be greater?
 Friend Tamino already hears us.
 This way came the sound of the flute!
 O what joy, when I shall find him.
 Quick! quick! let us hasten!

SCENE XIV.—The same.—MONOSTATOS.

Mon. Quick! quick! let us hasten!
 Ha, ha! have I caught you then?
 Quickly bind these daring ones;
 And now we'll have a word or two.
 You shall not deceive me,
 Nor lead me by the nose, I promise you.
Pam. & Pap. Alas! we never shall escape.
Mon. Hither, slaves, and bind them!
[Enter slaves, who bind them.
Pap. Who ventures much, much oftentimes wins.
 Come, thou magic set of bells;
 Let your tiny music sound,
 And set their ears a tingling.
[He strikes the Instrument.—Monostatos and Slaves draw back, and dance and sing: at the same time the Priests enter, and dance and sing also.

O CARA ARMONIA.—WHAT MAGIC TONES THRILLING.

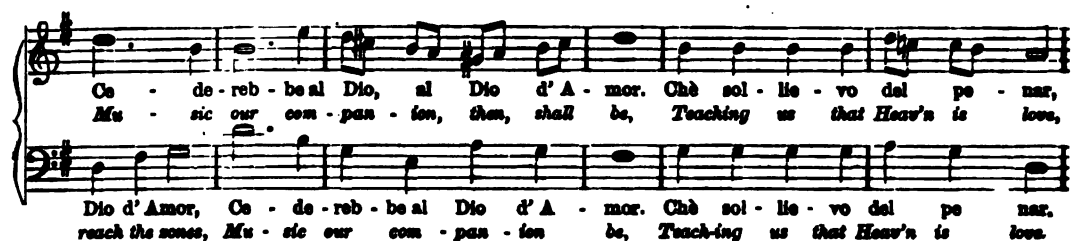
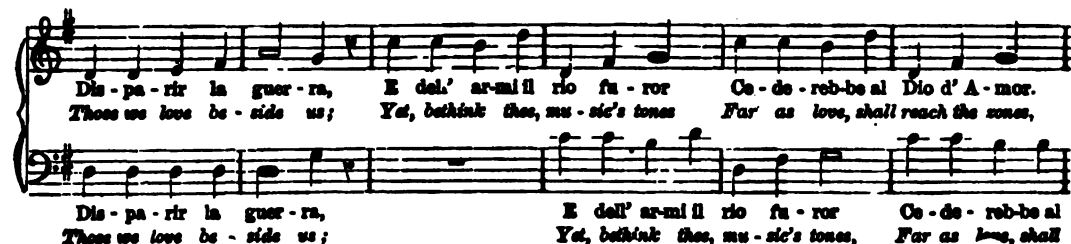
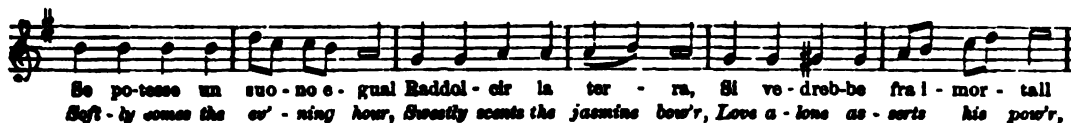
DUET and CHORUS. MONOSTATOS, PAMINA, PAPAGENO, and Slaves.

MONOSTATO.

Oh! ca-ra ar-mo-ni-a, Oh! dol-ce pia-cer! La la ra, la la
 What ma-gic tones thrill-ing are float-ing a-round! La la ra, la la

la ra la, la la la ra la. La rub-bia va vi-a, o per-de il po-
 la ra la, la la la ra la. Whilst pleas-ure is fill-ing each heart at the

ter, La la la la la la ra la, la la la ra la. La rub-bia va
 sound, La la la la la la ra la, la la la ra la. Whilst pleas-ure is



[Di dentro una gran marcia di strumenti.

Coro. Evviva Sarastro—si serbi all' impero!
Pap. Ah! ah! che disastro—Salvarmi non spero.
Pam. Oh! ciel: che mai—Sarà di me?
Gia vien Sarastro—Sarastro, ohimè!
Pap. Oh! fossi un topo almen,
 Che un buco troverei;
 E un miglio nel terren
 Nascondar mi vorrei!
 Or che direm ragassa, a quel signore?

Pam. Il vero, il ver; non mento un nobil core. [A Pamina.
 [Ritorna.

SCENA XV.—SARASTRO sopra un superbo cuscino con un
 numeroso seguito.

Char. Grand' Iside in trono—deh! serbi il tuo duomo;
 In pace, ed in guerra—l'ammiri la terra.
 Lei cingua di lume giustizia, e saper;
 Sia l'Idolo, il nume—de' nostri penzier.

[Music behind the scene.

Long live Sarastro! Sarastro live forever!
Pap. What can this mean! I tremble! oh, I shudder!
Pam. O friend, we are lost forever,
 This announces the great Sarastro.
Pap. Oh, were I but a mouse,
 That I might hide myself;
 Were I a lowly snail,
 I'd creep into my house.
 My child, what shall we say to him?

Pam. The truth! although we be in error. [To Pamina.
 [Firmly.

SCENE XV.—The same.—SARASTRO, on a splendid-car,
 followed by a crowd.

Char. Long live Sarastro! Sarastro live forever!
 'Tis he to whom we're all devoted.
 May he e'er enjoy life as a wise man!
 Our idol he is, to whom all are devoted.

[Sarastro ascends the car.]

Pam. [*S' inginocchiò*] Ah! per pietà, perdonami.
Fuggirti è ver—tentai, Signor;
Ma fu dover—ma in volle onor,
Parlarmi oè—d' amore un empio,
Pamina, e il tempio—ei profanò.

Sar. [*La solleva.*]
Non più: quel duol—deh! calma, o figlia,
Che a un guardo sol—delle mie ciglia
Quanto hai nel seno—lo lessi appieno
Ad altri amor—donasti già:
Leggi al tuo cor—non vò dettar;
Ma non sperar—mai libertà.

Pam. A me non lice
Qual rimaner. Madre infelice!

Sar. È in mio poter
A lei lasciarti—mi vieti il Ciel,
Saria crudel—l' abbandonarti.

Pam. Misera madre!—Oh! madre amata!
Tu sei—

Sar. Spietata—d' altro cor;
Te guida al ver—sposo fidele,
Senza nocchier—sempre è in periglio,
Sul mar crudel—fragil naviglio.

SCENA XVI.—MONOSTATO, TAMINO, e detti.

Mon. Or più, garzone—Non scappi no.
Ecco il padrone—ecco il mio Re!

Pam. } E desso Oh Dei! Sogno non è.
Pap. } E desso
Un solo istante si stringa al sen;
Si mora in braccio del caro ben.

[Corrono ad abbracciarsi.]

Coro. Oh qual momento!

Mon. Oh che temerità—chi dividano.

Che troppo è già.—Al regio piede.
[*S' inginocchiò a Sarastro.*]

Il vostro schiavo—rigor vi chiede
Contro l' audace,—ch' era capace!

[Accena Tamino.]

Il traditor,
Con quel ch' è là—d' uscir di qua;

[Accena Papageno.]

E con Pamina—dar gi galoppo,
Ma li arrivò—chi non è soppo.
Signor v' è noto—il mio valor.

Sar. A al buon servo—molto si dà:
Il premio avrai—della tua fè.

Mon. Il vostro amor—basta per me. [*S' alza.*]
Sar. Ch' ei senta il nervo—tre volta, e tre.

[Ordinando agli schiavi.]

Mon. Pietà! signore! non merita!—questa mercè!
[*Conducono via Monostato.*]

Tutti. Ah! viva, e all' impero Sarastro dia legge;
Clemente severo ei premia, e corregge.

Sar. Guidinsi i due stamieri,
Là nel recinto delle prove omai,
Copra lor fronti un sacro vel; l' usate
Leggi note vi son.

[*Due Sacristi si coprono con un velo. Sarastro con Pamina ascende sul suo carro, e parte col suo pomposo seguito.*]

Coro. Scendi dall' etere, scendi, benedica
Figlia d'amor, bella pietà.
Ogni virtù verrà con te,
L' età dell' or ritornerà.

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO

[Sarastro descends from the car.]

Pam. [*Kneeling.*] Lord! 'tis true I am a culprit,
I wished to 'scape thy power,
But the guilt is not all mine;
The wicked Moor desired my love,
Therefore, oh Sire, I fled from thee.

Sar. [*Raising her.*]
Rise and cheer thyself, oh lady,
For, without further question,
I know much about thy heart.
Thou already lov'st another.
To love I never will compel thee,
But I will not give thee freedom.

Pam. Filial duty causeth me to be concerned,
For my dear mother!

Sar. Who is in my power.
Thy happiness would be annihilated
Were I to give thee up to her.

Pam. Let me but my mother find again—
She is—

Sar. A haughty woman.
A man should guide your hearts,
For without his wisdom to direct,
Woman steps out of her sphere.

SCENE XVI.—The same.—MONOSTATO, TAMINO.

Mon. Thou, proud youth, come hither alone!
This is Sarastro, our lord.

Tam. } 'Tis he I scarcely can believe it!
Pam. } 'Tis she

To my bosom! to my arms!
How beats this heart for thee with love!

[They run towards each other.]

All. What does all this mean?

Mon. What hardihood! Part them directly!

Thy slave is kneeling at thy feet: [*Runs to divide them.*]

This is too much!
Oh, let the impudent culprit atone!

Think of the cunning of this knave!
By the tricks of his strange bird.

[Pointing to Tamino.]

He sought to rob thee of Pamina.
But I was enabled to find it out;
Thou knowest my vigilance—I thwarted him.

[Pointing to Papageno.]

Sar. For which I will reward thee.
Give to this gentleman, at once—

Mon. Thy favors make me far too rich. [*Rises.*]
Sar. But seventy-seven bastinado stripes!

[To the Slaves.]

Mon. Ah, sir! deserved I that reward?
[*The slaves lead him off.*]

All. Long live Sarastro! the sage divine!
He rewards and chastises alike, justly.

Sar. Lead these two young strangers
To our temple of probation!
Cover their heads, for they
Must first be purified!

[*The Priests cover them with a veil, and Pamina and Sarastro ascend the car and depart, surrounded by the suite.*]

Cor. When virtue joined to justice
Strew the path of the great with fame,
Then is the earth a Heaven indeed,
And mortal men are like to gods.

END OF ACT I.

ATTO II.

SCENA I.—*Bosco; Notte; Tuoni in distanza.*—SARASTRO ed un Oratore, con seguito di Sacerdoti. Una marcia di strumenti.

Sar. Della reggia del vero, compagni abitator, sacri ministri de' gran Numi del Nilo, alta cagione oggi v' accoglie. Udite: erra nel tempio verso la porta boreale eletto Prence, ch' or compie il quisto lustro appena; scenda da pura vena l' onorato desio che squarcia brama il velo, onde lo cinse l' error degli avi sui.

Ora. Or, se degno vi par, seguite, amici, di Sarastro l' esempio.

Sar. Oh di nostr' alme bella union felice! invan l' ignaro livor freme, e n' accusa.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Forest; Night; Thunder, at a distance.*—SARASTRO, and Chorus of Priests.—*Music of a March, by several instruments.*

Sar. You, in the Temple of Wisdom, initiated servants of the great gods, Osiris and Isis, with all truth I declare to you, that our meeting to-day is one of the utmost importance. Tamino is the son of a king, he waits at the northern door of our temple; in short, he wishes to tear off the veil of darkness, and gaze into the sanctuary of light. To guard this virtuous youth will, to-day, be one of our most important duties.

Speaker. I now deem him worthy to follow the example of Sarastro.

Sar. Oh, happy conquest of souls, in vain will wrath conspire against our peace.

POSSENTI NUMI—GREAT ISIS! GREAT OSIRIS! SARASTRO and CHORUS.

Pos - sen - ti Numi, I - si - de, O - si - ri, da - te a que' pet - ti sen - no e va - lor. I vostri
Great I - sis, great O - si - ris! Strengthen with wisdom's strength this ty - re pair; Ye who guide

lu - mi la coppia mi - ri, e non l'al - let - ti om - bra d'er - ror, E non l'al - let - ti om - bra d'er - ror.
steos where deserts lengthen, Brace theirs with nerve, your proof to bear! Brace theirs with nerve, your proof to bear.

CHORUS. SARASTRO.
E non l'al - let - ti om - bra d'er - ror. Del bel sen - tier giun - ga al - la me - ta:
Brace theirs with nerve your proof to bear! Grant them pro - ba - tion's fruit all lie - tag;

O se a lei fier de - stin lo vie - ta, Vir - tu - da in sen - d' eter - na pa - ce,
Yet, should they find a grave while striving, Think on their vir - tues, gra - cious gods,

CHORUS.
La coppia audace ac - colga almen; La coppia audace accolga almen. La coppia audace ac - colga almen.
Take them elect to your abodes! Take them e - lect to your abodes. Take them e - lect to your abodes.

[Partono.]

[Escono.]

SCENA II.—*Oratore, e l' altro Sacerdote con faci, TAMINO, e PAPIGENO sono condotti dai me desimi, che tolgono il velo ai due viaggiatori.*

Ora. Stranieri: Qual vi tragge desio di queste mura, A penetrar nel solitario orrore?

Tam. Umanitade, e amore.

Ora. E dura impresa più che non credi, e a te costar por-
ria Sangue, e sudor. [Con fermezza.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*—*The Speaker and a Priest lead on TAMINO and PAPIGENO, from whom they remove their veils.*

Speaker. Stranger; what urged you first to enter these walls?

Tam. Love and friendship!

Speaker. It is a great undertaking, and may cost thee thy life, wilt thou sacrifice it. [With firmness.]

Tam. Si versi.
Ora. Al fato estremo corri, e nol sai.
Tam. Nè lo pavento.
Ora. Dammi dunque la destra in pegno?
Tam. Eccola.
Sac. Attendi, alcun istanti, è d' uopo, che all' altro lo partii, amico; [*A Papageno.*] Tu per senno, e virtude vuoi conquistar pugnando?
Pap. Io per me non domando, nè guerra, ne sapere; mi basta di dormir, mangiare, e bere; se avessi per compagna una donnetta, saria cosa perfetta.
Sac. Non lo sperar, se pria al cimento non vieni.
Pap. Come sarebbe a dir?
Sac. Le nostre leggi giurar del tutto, ed affrontar la morte.
Pap. Addio sposa, e consorte.
Sac. Ma sperar senza questo il ciel ti toglia.
Pap. Non piglierò mai moglie.
Sac. E se Sarastro ti destina una sposa a te simile d' abito, di color?
Pap. Che mi somigli? l' età!
Sac. Nel primo fior.
Pap. Bellina?
Sac. Assai.
Pap. Si chiama?
Sac. Papagena.
Pap. Che? Pa—
Sac. Papagena.
Pap. Papagena! oh cara! per mia curiosità vorrei vederla.
Sac. Vederla t'è concesso; ma con essa non ti lice parlar: vedi, se puoi frenar la lingua.
Pap. Ebben vediamo.
Sac. Giura eh questa man.
Ora. Eguale, prence, è per te la legge, or or Pamina miren gli occhi tuoi; ma un solo accento non proferrir: andiamo. Ecco il cimento.

Tam. Yes; I am prepared.
Speaker. Thou wilt submit to every trial which fate requires!
Tam. To every one.
Speaker. Give me thy hand.
Tam. There.
Speaker. Stay a moment, I would speak with this man. [*To Papageno.*] Wilt thou learn wisdom by experience?
Pap. Wisdom is not my business. In reality, I don't require any. I'm a man in a state of nature, content with sleep, meat, and drink. If it could be accomplished, I should like to meet with a pretty little wife.
Priest. Thou wilt ne'er obtain one, if thou dost not prove equal to our probation.
Pap. That is to say—
Priest. Thou must submit thyself to all our laws, and not even fear death.
Pap. I cannot agree.
Priest. But thou canst only obtain a virtuous wife on those conditions.
Pap. Then I prefer to remain single.
Priest. But if Sarastro should choose thee a bride just like thee in color and dress?
Pap. Like me? Is she young?
Priest. Just in her prime.
Pap. And handsome?
Priest. Oh very.
Pap. And her name?
Priest. Papagena.
Pap. What? Pa—
Priest. Papagena.
Pap. Papagena! O how I should like to see her!
Priest. Thou may'st see, but not speak to her. Wilt thou preserve so much resolution as to keep thy tongue within bounds?
Pap. Oh yes! I will command my tongue.
Priest. Thy hand—thou shalt see her.
Speaker. On thee, too, Prince, the gods impose a wholesome silence. Thou shalt see Pamina, but must not speak to her. The time of your probation now commences.

FUGGITE O VOI—BEWARE OF BEAUTY. DUNT. PRIESTS.

Fug - gi - te o voi, bel - tà fal - la - ce, Che al - let - ta, e pia - ce, che a - ma - bil'
 Be - ware of beau - ty, 't may de - ceive thee, Like ig - nis fa - tu - us lure thee

è, Ne' lac - ri suoi por - tò ta - lo - ra, Il sag - gio, an - co - ra an - cau - to il
 on, Enchain thy soul, then cold - ly leave thee, To find thy peace for ev - er, ev - er

più! Poi tar - di ve - de al - fin scher - ni - to, Men - ti - ta fe - de, in - gra - to cor, Il
 gone. Oh, ra - ther seek some heart whose pul - ses Respond the truth that fires thine own, For

suo de - tes - ta a - mor tra - di - to, E sol gli re - sta on - ta è ros - sor, Sol gli re - sta on - ta, è ros - sor.
 love, at reason's al - tar plighted, Lives on when youth and bloom have flown, Lives on when youth and bloom have flown.
 [Partono, e la Scena resta.] [Exeunt Priests, the Stage remains dark]

THE MAGIO FLUTE.

SCENA III.—TAMINO e PAPAGENO.

Pap. Lume!—fatoci lume! è un caso strano, che appena quei signori se ne vanno, spalancando ben gli occhi, non si veda più nulla.
Tam. Ah! soffri, e pensa che luce ed ombra il Ciel giusto dispensa.

SCENA IV.—Le tre Damsigelle.—E detto.

QUINTETTO.

A. & Dove, ohimè!
Dove, o Prence, inoltri il piè?
 Non più, no,
 Quindi alcuno uscir non può!
 Falsa virtù ti giurò morte;
 Aspetta or tu l'estrema sorte.
Pap. Ah perchè si venne quà?
Tam. Papageno, taci, ohi!
 Sciagurato, non rammenti
 Al silenzio, i giuramenti?
Pap. Ma come alfin—come anderà?
Tam. Taci, indegno taci ohi.
Pap. Ma che legge! sempre sitto è delitto, infam finar.
Damsigelle. La dea s'affretta, il suol s'aperì,
 Di sua vendetta ecco il gran dì.
Pap. Ohimè! che caso orribile!
Tam. Taci indegno, taci ohi!
 Ti fan forse più sicuro
 La viltade, e lo spergiuro!
Damsigelle. Tamino, la diva—vincitore,
 Da lei sperar—puoi sol pietà.
 In questa riva ognuno il dica,
 Bassessa regna e falsità.
Tam. Del volgo ignaro, odio, e favor;
 Co' saggi imparo a disprezzar.

[In atto di partire.

Damsigelle. Un crudo sempio—attenda ognor,
 Chi là in quel tempio—osò giurar.
Pap. Oh va per mal! un caso tal che non l'hai?
 Ah! mio signor—che sia così!
Tam. Error di donne credule,
 Cui reo livor—immaginò.
Pap. Ma la regina disselo.
Tam. Ma la regina è femmina.
 Or più non vo'—parir con te;
 Io tutto so!—ti fida a me.
Damsigelle. Così ci adagni? Onde il silenzio, o prence?
 E tace Papageno? Eh! parla.
Pap. O caro! Oh! lo potessi pur!
Tam. Taci!
Pap. Vedete non si può.
Tam. Taci alfine!
Tam. & Pap. Ah! se frenar non sei gli accenti,
 Sdegnato il ciel ti punirà.

[Pieno alle donne.

Pam. & Damsigelle. Da voi cost—n' andrem dolenti,
 E nuno ancor—risponderà.
Tam. & Damsigelle. Da voi cost—n' andrem dolenti,
 E nuno a lor—risponderà.
A. cinque. Sia saldo il cor—nel suo dover:
 Parla ben se—chi sa tacer.

[Pamina colle Damsigelle va per partire; ma udendo di dentro le voci dei Sacerdoti, s'arrestano. Si ode uno strepitoso accordo d'istrumenti, poi lampi, e tuoni.

Voci di dentro.

Gli l'ara ha turbato, l'arcano
 Di donna lo sguardo profond.
Tam. & Damsigelle. Ohimè!
Pap. Ohimè! Ohimè!

[Pamina e le due Damsigelle fuggono. Papageno cade per terra.

SCENE III.—TAMINO, PAPAGENO.

Pap. Ha! lights here! well, that's strange enough; as soon as these gentlemen leave us, we can see nothing, although our eyes are open.
Tam. Bear it, and think it is the will of the gods.

SCENE IV.—The same.—The Three Ladies.

QUINTETT.

The Ladies. What? what? what?
 You in this place of horror?
 Never! never! never!
 Will you with your lives escape.
 Tamino, thou art sworn to death.
 And, Papageno, thou art lost forever.
Pap. Ah! why did we come here?
Tam. Papageno, hold thy tongue!
 Wilt thou break thy vow?
 None with women here may speak.
Pap. Hear'st thou not we both are lost?
Tam. Silence, I say; be still!
Pap. Ever silent! silent for ever!
The Ladies. Beside you, is the queen;
 She penetrated secretly and is about to be revenged.
Pap. How! what a horrid case.
Tam. Silence, I say, be still!
 Wilt thou ever be so bold,
 And forget what thou hast sworn?
The Ladies. Tamino, hear, thou'rt lost;
 Think on the wretched queen.
 Much is said, and much believed,
 Of these priests' false nature.
Tam. A wise man heedeth not
 What the common vulgar saith.

[Is about to go.

Ladies. They say, that he who to their union sweareth,
 Is forever lost.
Pap. That were an unheard of misery.
 Tell me, Tamino, is this true?
Tam. Nonsense, by hypocrites invented,
 And repeated by the women.
Pap. But the queen says it, too.
Tam. She's a woman, and has a woman's nature.
 Be silent—let my words satisfy thee;
 Bethink thee of thy duty, and be prudent.
The Ladies. Why art thou so shy to us?
 Papageno's silent also—say, then!
Pap. I should like—would—
Tam. Silence!
Pap. You see that I must not.
Tam. Silence for a moment.
Tam. & Pap. If thou canst not leave chattering,
 If I can

[Aside to the Ladies.

Heaven in its wrath will punish thee,
 me,
Pam. & Ladies. We must leave them in sorrow.
Tam. & Ladies. Yes, in sorrow we must leave you,
Pap. Neither may a word reply.
All Five. Let us be firm to our duty:
 He who can be silent, is eloquent enough.

[Pamina and the Ladies are about to go—the Initiated call from within, and they remain. Loud voices, as of many instruments—thunder and lightning.

Voices from within.

A woman has desecrated the sacred hall!
 Revenge! up! arm yourselves!
Tam. & Ladies. Alas!
Pap. Alas! alas!

[Pamina and the Ladies run away. Papageno falls on the ground.

SCENA V.—*Garden.*—PAMINA, (*Sings*),
MONOSTATOS.

Mos. Oh! la smorfiosa è qui. Zitto! che dorma. Non c'è nessun, (*guardo intorno.*) coraggio! se ho mancato la prima, la seconda è sicura. Oh che gran caldo! son tutto sfolto; almen con un bacino mi potrò rinfrescar su quel vicino.

SCENE V.—*A Garden.*—PAMINA, (*Sleeping*),
MONOSTATOS.

Mos. Ha! here I find this coy damsel. By all the stars! the girl will drive me distracted. If I only knew whether we were quite alone, and nobody listening! A little kiss, I should think, would be excusable.

REGNA AMORE—LOVE IN EV'RY HEART. AIR. MONOSTATOS.

Reg-na a-mo-re-in o-gni lo-co, Scher-as-gio-va, e frulla o-gnor; So-lo a-me-ne-ga un bel
Love in ev'ry heart is reigning, Joy may ev'ry creature crown; But the wan-ton frowns dis-

so-co, per-chè bru-ne ho un pò il co-lor, Per-chè bruno ho un pò il co-lor. As-mo-deo
dais-ing, Sparns, because my skin is brown, Sparns, because my skin is brown. Have I not

me pur fis-gol-la? Mi fa il ce-re-bro bol-lir? Mi fa il ce-re-bro bol-lir? Sem-pre
a heart within me? Am I not of flesh and blood? Am I not of flesh and blood? Might not

star senza un-a bel-la, sa-rà co-sa da mo-rir, Sarà co-sa da mo-rir, Su-rà co-sa da mo-rir.
woman's smile, then, win me, Make me bless'd and brave, and good? Make me bless'd, and brave, and good, Make me bless'd, &c.

Or che almen la sorte è buona,
Proffittarne anch' lo potrò.
Santa luna, mi perdona!
Me una bianca innamorò.
Bianca affi!—Sia con tua pace
La vorrei pur carezzar!
Luna mia, se ti dispiace,
Serra gli occhi, o non guardar.

[*S' accosta Pamina.*]

Therefore will I, whilst I live,
Bill and kiss, and tender be.
Dear, good moon, forgive, forgive,
A fair white maid has charmed me.
White is lovely—I must kiss her—
Moon, oh hide thyself the while;
Or, if much it vexeth thee,
Close thine eyes, nor deign to see.

[*Steals to Pamina.*]

SCENA VI.—*La REGINA apparisce di sotto terra; PAMINA dorme ancora, e detto. Tuoni.*

Regina. Scelerato t'arresta!

Pam. [*Si desta.*] Oh dei! qual voce!

Mos. [*Parte.*] Ohime! l'Astrifiammante Questa convien che sia. [*Ritirandosi con paura.*]

Pam. Oh madre! oh cara madre! oh madre mia!
[*Riconosce la madre, e l'abbraccia.*]

Mos. [*Parte.*] Sua madre! Oh! qui c'è da scoprir del buona. Noecondiamoci là. [*Ritirandosi in fretta.*]

Regina. Di madre il core se lo serba ancora, se non ricuso il nome a lui, che ti rapì, figlia, tu il dei. Ma tu salva non sei! l'amato prence, che a liberarti venne che fa dov'è?

Pam. Tamino!

Regina. Appunto.

Pam. Ei tutti ag' isiaci misterj, voles i voti, e i pensieri.

Regina. Misera figlia!

Pam. Oh Dio, perchè!

Regina. Un doloroso arcano, il chiaro sole del settemplice Raggio, onde fu grande lo sposo mio, donò morendo a questi empj d'orror ministri, invan pregal,

SCENE VI.—*The QUEEN rises from beneath the earth. PAMINA asleep, and the above. It thunders.*

Queen. Back!

Pam. [*Awakes.*] Ye gods! that voice!

Mos. Oh dear! that is the Goddess of Night.

[*Retiring alarmed.*]

Pam. Mother! my mother!

[*Recognising her.*]

Mos. [*Aside.*] Her mother! I shall listen.

[*Steals away and conceals himself.*]

Queen. If you still wish to hold a place in the heart of a mother, you must hate him, my daughter, who carried you away. But you are not safe! and the beloved prince who came to save you, what is he doing? where is he?

Pam. What! Tamino?

Queen. The same.

Pam. All his thoughts and wishes are wrapt up in the seal with which he devotes himself to the mysteries of Isis.

Queen. Wretched daughter!

Pam. Heavens, why call you me so?

Queen. I will reveal to you a melancholy secret: my spouse, when dying, bestowed upon these ministers of horror and impiety, the sacred symbol of the sun,

piansi, m' opposi—or di Sarastro in petto Terribile scintilla—

Pam. E fuor di questa per noi non v' è più speme;
Regina. Una ne resta.

Pam. Sì, Sarastro alfine—

Regina. Sarastro ti rapì, Tamino sedusse; ne ancor ti basta? or odi, eccoti un ferro; vanna, svenalo, affretta la mai, la tua vendetta: a lui ritogli l'aurato cerchio, onde si fregia; e allora: Torna al mio sen: tua sposa a questa legge sarà Tamino.

Pam. Ah! che d' orrore io tremo;

Regina. Udisti d' una madre il cenno estremo.

which had conferred so much honor upon him; in vain I entreated, wept, and opposed the deed—and now in the bosom of Sarastro you have enkindled that terrible flame.

Pam. Which if I resist, there is no longer any hope for us.
Queen. Yes, one hope remains.

Pam. But should Sarastro at length—

Queen. Sarastro has seized upon you by force, he has seduced Tamino; is not this enough? Then listen to me: here is a dagger; go kill him, hasten my vengeance and thine. Take back from him the golden symbol, by whose power he prevails against us; then will I press you again to my bosom: Under these conditions only can Tamino be yours.

Pam. Ah! what horror chills me!

Queen. You have heard your mother's last command.

GLI ANGUI D' INFERNO—BY HELLISH FURY. QUEEN OF NIGHT.

Gli angui d'in-fer-no sen-to-mi nel pet-to, Ma-ga-ra, a-let-to, son d'in-
 By hell-ish fu-ry are my words pro-mot-ed, thoughts of de-struction, thoughts of de-
 torno a me.... d'in-tor-no a me. Svel-ga al fel-lon, Svel-ga Pa-mi-na il
 struction flam-ing through me roar, Falls not by thee, Sa-rast-ro, death de-
 co-re, Svel-ga Pa-mi-na il co-re! Sell reo non mus-re, fig-lia mia non è; Sell
 vot-ed, Sa-ra-stro death de-vot-ed; Be then accur'd! my daughter nev-er more! Be
 reo non muor, figlia mia non è
 then accur'd! and my daughter never-more,
 fig-lia
 and my

 mia non è, non è,
 daughter nev-er-more,

 fig-lia mia non è, figlia mia non è.
 and my daughter, my daughter never-more.

Ti lascio, t' abbandono, più madre tua son sono;
Paventa il mio furore, se non osi esser crudel.
Ciel! l' orrendo mio voto ascolto oh Ciel!

[Part.]

Rejected be forever and forlorn,
To pieces all the ties of nature torn.
Hear, gods of vengeance! hear a mother's vow!

[End]

SCENA VII.—PAMINA, con pugnale, e MONOSTATO.

Pam. Oh legge! oh voto!—Ch' io non arci il seno! Nò! possibile non è.
Mon. [*Parte.*] Tutto ho sentito; Farà bene il negozio.
Pam. E se sdegnata, m'abbandona la madre, che far degg'io?
Mon. Fidarti al more. [*Si fa avanti.*]
Mon. Oh stelle! Che chiedi?
Mon. Che! vi sgominta la mia nera pelle?
Pam. Che chiedi?
Mon. Amore.
Pam. Oh Dei!
Mon. [*Parte.*] S' incomincia a piegare. [*Forte.*] ebbene volete?
Pam. Nò.
Mon. Nò! dunque v'ammazzo; e poi la madre aggiustero.
Pam. Ah ferma. A' piedi tuoi—
Mon. Che chiedi amore, o morte! parla, parla.
Pam. Adoro Tamino.
Mon. Il caso è fiero! [*Con ironia.*] Adorate anche me.
Pam. No, non fia vero.

SCENA VIII.—SARASTRO, e detti.

Mon. Dunque vi ammazzo. [*In atto di ferirla.*]
Sar. Ohi!
Mon. Signor! che fate? Una furia salvate, che con sua madre contro voi congiura. Sappiate—
Sar. Indegno, parti! E agli occhi miei, non comparir mai più.
Mon. [*A parte.*] Cos' mi tratta, affè mi metterò colla regina; se il bisogno consiglia, servirsi può la madre per la figlia. [*Parte.*]
Pam. D'una misera madre al giusto affanno deh! perdona, o signor.—l'ensa—
Sar. Co' numi mal si contrasta.
Pam. Ella mi perde!
Sar. A lei ti toglie il cielo; oppur colla sotterra armi prepara, e guerra. Ah! basta solo a punirla il rimorso! E se Tamino tornerà vincitor; se sposaral prence, se felice sarai, figlia, Sarastro è vendicato assai.

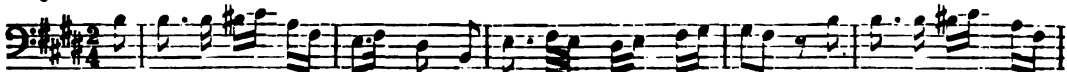
SCENE VII.—PAMINA, with a Dagger, and MONOSTATOS.

Pam. Oh law! oh vow! I pierce his breast! No, it is not possible.
Mon. [*Aside.*] I heard all. I'll manage affairs well.
Pam. And if my mother, incensed at my disobedience, forsakes me, what must I do?
Mon. Trust to the black. [*Approaches her.*]
Pam. Oh, heavens!
Mon. What! does my dingy skin frighten you?
Pam. What would you!
Mon. Love.
Pam. Oh Gods!
Mon. [*Aside.*] She begins to yield. [*Aloud.*] Well, do you consent?
Pam. No.
Mon. No!—then prepare for death.
Pam. Oh, hold! at your feet—
Mon. What will you have, love or death? Speak.
Pam. I love but Tamino.
Mon. It is a hard case, truly! [*Ironically.*] But cannot you love me also?
Pam. Never.

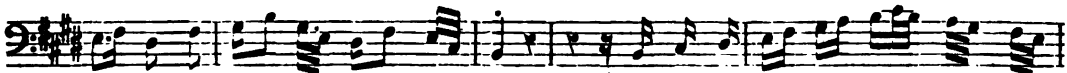
SCENE VIII.—SARASTRO and the above.

Mon. Then die. [*In the act of striking Pamina.*]
Sar. Hold!
Mon. Sir, what would you do? [*Throwing himself at Sarastro's feet.*] You save a fury, who conspires against you with her mother. Know—
Sar. Wretch, begone! no! dare again to venture into my sight.
Mon. [*Aside.*] Is it thus you treat me? Well then, I will take part with the queen; and since necessity so counsels it, I can make use of the mother in place of the daughter. [*Exit.*]
Pam. Ah! pardon, sir, the just sorrows of a wretched mother.—Think—
Sar. It is in vain to attempt to oppose the gods
Pam. She has lost me!
Sar. Heaven takes you from her; yet there, underground, she prepares arms and war. Ah! let remorse suffice to punish her! And if Tamino returns victorious; if you are married to the prince, and happy, dear daughter, Sarastro will be amply revenged.

QUI SDEGNO NON S' ACCENDE—WITHIN THESE SACRED BOWERS. AIR. SARASTRO



Qui sdeg-no non s'ac - cen - de, E sog - glor - nar non sa. La col - pa non of -
 With-in these sa - cred bow - ers, Nor guilt nor crime we know, No blighting ven - geance



fen - de, Tro - va l'er - ror pie - tà! Fra - ter-no a - mor u - ni - sce!.....
 low - ers, Soft pi - ty heals each woe. While friendship's band each heart en -



cor; In pa - cei di - pas - siam..... co - sì. Fra-terno amor u-ni-sce! cor; In pa-ce!
 toines, And bright the day of free - dom shines, While friendship's band each heart entwines, And bright the



di - passiam co-sì, Fraterno amor u-ni-sce! cor; In pace! di - passiam co-sì, passiam, passiam co - sì.
 day of freedom shines. While friendship's band each heart entwines, And bright the day of freedom shines, the day of freedom shines.

L'inganno qui non ride
 Nel mascherare il ver,
 Fra noi ciascun divide
 L'affano, ed il piacer.
 In pace i di—passiam coel,
 Finchè si vien—d' Osiri in sen.

[Partono.]

SCENA IX.—*Atrio del Tempio.* TAMINO, PAPAGENO.
*Il Genj s' aransano; uno di essi ha il flauto d' oro, l' altro
 lo strumento de' campanelli: a suo tempo tavola bene imbandita.*

TRIO.

Il Genj. Già fan ritorno—i gentili amici;
 Ite felici—al sommo Re
 Il nobil dono—a te si rende.

[A Tamino rendendogli il flauto.]

Il caro suono—si rende a te.

[A Papageno rendendogli i campanelli.]

Da lena al cor—l' eletta mensa;

[Apparece la tavola.]

Cibo, e licor—virtù dispensa;

Ma poi t' attendre—almo piacer.

[A Tamino.]

Al tuo destino—vanne Sereno,

Tu Papageno—hai da tacer.

[Partono.]

Pap. Le cose vanno meglio!—Ehi, non mangiamo?

Tam. [Suona il flauto.]

Pap. Suonate pur, ch' io fo' suonar i denti. [Mangia.]
 Tutti i piatti eccellenti! oh che cucina! Sentiamo
 la catina. [Beve.] Che balsamo! che forza.

SCENA X.—PAMINA affannosa, e detti.

Pam. Ah! prence! ah! sposo! pur ti ritrovo, udii quel
 suono, e vengo, anelante al tuo seno—ma tu sì
 mesto, non rispondi? ch' io parla!—ah così poco;
 [Tamina sospira, e fa cenno a Pamina di partire.]
 Dunque, cara, ti giungo! ah! Papageno, dimmi
 che fa L' idolo mio? tu ancora—[Papageno colla
 bocca piena, e tenendosi la labbra con ambe le mani fa
 cenno a Pamina di andarsene.] Così mi scacci?
 ah! quel silenzio almeno, mi spieghi alcun di voi?
 questo è tormento, Tamino!—ah ah! tu non m'
 ami, io, col mio pianto, importuna mi rendo;—
 Ah! tacete—crudeli, intendo, intendo.

Here, 'neath a mask of smiling,
 Hate lurks not to destroy;
 But, grief and pain beguiling,
 We share each other's joy.
 Thus shall our days with peace be bless'd,
 Till great Osiris calls us to his rest.

[Escono.]

SCENE IX.—*A Hall in the Temple.*—TAMINO, PAPAGENO.—*The three Boys enter; afterwards a table, with the clock
 laid, the Flute, and the set of Bells.*

TRIO.

Boys. Be a second time welcome to us,
 Ye men, into Sarastro's kingdom.

He returns what has been taken from you,

[To Tamino, giving him his Flute.]

The flute and the set of bells.

[To Papageno, giving him his Bells.]

If you can the food enjoy,

Eat and drink it merrily.

[A table appears.]

When for the third time we meet

Joy for your reward you'll greet.

[To Tamino.]

Tamino, faith! the goal is nearly won;

Thou, Papageno, hold thy chattering tongue.

[Escono.]

Pap. This is better, shall we not make a meal?

Tam. [Blows his flute.]

Pap. Blow away on thy flute. I'll peck a few crumbs the
 while. [Eats.] Mr. Sarastro keeps a good kitchen.
 Let us see if his cellar is equally well provided.
 [Drinks.] Ha! that's wine for the gods!

SCENE X.—PAMINA in haste, and the same.

Pam. Ah prince! ah husband! I return to you. I heard
 that sound, and came panting to you. But why
 do you look so sad, and refuse to answer me? Well
 then, I will go!—Ah, have I then so little interest
 in your heart? [Tamino sighs, and makes signs to
 Pamina to go.] Pray, Papageno, tell me what is
 the matter with my beloved?—[Papageno, with his
 mouth full, holding his lips with his hands, makes Pa-
 mina signs to go away.] Do you, too, send me away
 thus? Alas! will not one of you explain to me
 the cause of this silence? How tormenting! Tam-
 ino!—Alas, then, you do not love me! I see that
 my tears are troublesome to you.—What! still
 silent;—cruel men, I understand, I under-
 stand.

AH! LO SO—WRETCH THAT I AM. AIR. PAMINA.

Ah! lo so, più non m'a-van-za, Che la - - gnar-mi o-gnòr co - sì, Che la
 Wretch that I am, too well I knew Nought now is left me but to mourn, Nought is

gnar-mi o-gnòr co - sì, Ho per-du-ta la speran-za, Di tor-nar fe-li-ce un
 left me but to mourn, Condemn'd to drain the cup of woe, Joy to me will ne'er re-

di, Di..... tor-nor..... di tornor.....
 turn. Joy..... to me..... will ne'er re - turn.....

..... so - li - ce un di. Ah! per te,.... se in-van degg'
 ne'er re - turn. Oh, Tu - mi - so, if for
 i - o, Pian-ger sem pre e sos - pi - rar, sos - pi - rar; Pih ple - to - sa al pian - to
 thee, My sighs and bit - ter tears are vain, tears are vain, Come, kind death, in pi - ty
 mi - o, al pian - to mi - o, Trou - chi Morte il mio pe - nar, il mio pe -
 free,.... in pi - ty free,.... My wea - ry be - som from its pain, my be - som's
 nar, Pih ple - to - sa al pian - to mio,.... Pih ple - to - sa al pian - to mi - o,
 pain; Come, kind death, in pi - ty free,.... Free my be - som from its pain;
 Trou - chi Mor - te il mio.... pe - nar, il mio pe - nar, Trou - chi Mor - te il
 Come, kind death, in pi - ty free, and ease my pain; Come, kind death, and
 mio pe - nar, il mio pe - nar, il mio..... pe - nar.
 ease my pain, and ease my pain, and ease..... my pain.

SCENA XI.—TAMINA. e PAPAGENO.

Pap. Oh! dite, s' è non so quando bisogna esser uomo, e tacere! [*Mangiando a gran bocconi, e bevendo.*] Vado un brindisi al cuoco, e al cantiniere. [*Si sente una tromba funebre suonare tre volte; Tamino s' incammina, e fa' come a Papageno di seguirlo.*] Ah non vi lascio, bellissime rovine! Se mandasse Sarastro i suoi leoni, a staccarmi di qua, non sarian buoni. [*Si vede comparir un leone.*] Misero me! mi mangiano! Tamino—aiuto! mi divora, deh, signore, vengo, ubbidisco, fo' quel che volete. [*Corre spaventato qua e là, Tamino Torna indietro suona il flauto, il leone si ritira.*] Piatti—bottiglie—addio! ma dove andiamo? [*Tamino rimproverandosi concetti indicando il cielo.*] Lassù lo sanno, e noi non lo sappiamo. Piano; aspettate; che furore è questo, se s' ha crepar, s' arriverà anche presto. [*Partono.*]

SCENA XII.—Sotterraneo. Sacerdoti portando sulle spalle una piramide illuminata. SARASTRO seguito dall' Oratore, tutti tengono alla mano una fiaccola accesa.

SCENE XI.—PAPAGENO and TAMINO.

Pap. Now, tell me, whether I do not know how to be a man when needful, and hold my tongue! [*Eats and drinks at a furious rate.*] Now for a toast to the cook and the butler. [*A funeral trumpet is heard three times. Tamino, going, makes signs to Papageno to follow him.*] Coming. [*Tamino takes him by the hand, and tries to draw him away. Papageno struggles and gets free.*] We shall see who can pull the strongest! Coming, I tell you. [*To Tamino, who threatens him and goes away.*] I've eat plenty, yet my appetite is the same. In every di'ah I find a load-stone.—Ah, I cannot quit you, ye tempting dainties! Should Sarastro send his lions to drive me hence, it would be all in vain. [*A Lion appears.*] Ha! wretch that I am—they are eating me alive—Tamino! help, they are devouring me! Oh, sir, come hither, I am obedience; I will do whatever you wish. [*Runs about in alarm, Tamino turns back, sounds his flute, and the lion retires.*] Dishes—bottles—adieu! but where are we going? [*Tamino makes signs to reprove him, and points towards heaven.*] O yes, those above may know, but we are perfectly in the dark about it. But stay; what madness is this! if we are to die, it will come quite soon enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.—A subterraneous place. Priests bearing on their shoulders an illuminated Pyramid. SARASTRO followed by the Orator and another Priest, all holding lighted torches in their hands.

GRAND ISI! GRAND OSIRI!—O ISIS, AND OSIRIS. CHORUS OF PRIESTS.



Grand' I - si! grand' O - si - ri! al - fin smar - ri - to è il fos - co or -
 O I - sis! and O - si - ris what pur: pleasure! Dis - pers'd is

ror d'a-mi-co so-le al rag gio; Già il for-te il saggio un al-tra vi-tain-pa-ra;
 night, the sun displays his treasure, And greets the no-ble youth's re-gen-e-ra-tion;

pronto è per lui sull' a-ra il sa-cro ri - to. Lui col.... va-lo-re giu
 al-most hath he achiev'd your hard pro-ba-tion. His soul upright, his

da O-ne-stà; Lui col va-lo-re; Guida O-ne-stà; Sì, sì, del santo o-no-re
 heart e-rect, His soul up-right, His heart e-rect, Soon, soon, soon, be he deem'd, and

de-gno sa-ra. Sì, sì, del santo o-no-re de-gno sa-ra, de-gno sa-ra, de-gno sa-ra.
 thron'd e-lect! Soon, soon, soon, be he deem'd and thron'd e-lect, thron'd e-lect, thron'd e-lect.

SCENA XIII.—SARASTRO, TAMINO, indi PAMINA, am-
 bi col capo velato condotti per mano e detti.

Sar. Garzon, presso è la meta Or due soltanto restando
 ultime prove. Ti regga la virtù; t'accenda amore;
 ucompagnia gli dei. [Lo prend per la mano.]
 Vegna Pamina

[Ad un Sacerdote, che la conduce.

Entra PAMINA.

Pam. Ove m' inoltrò qual silenzio! muta per qui natura
 an' aura un eco almeno, m' additasse il tuo sposo!
 chi mai dice dov' è? chi me lo rende?

Sar. Per l' estremo congedo, ei qui l' attenda.

Pam. Congedo estremo!—Ah! dunque è vero? A lui mi
 mi guidi alcun

Sar. L' hai qui presente. [Levandola il velo.

Pam. Ah! vieni, Tamino, l' idolo mio.

Tam. Resta, Pamina: uopo è ch' io vada; addio!

[Sostenuto.

Pam. Dunque il mio ben—non vedrò più;

Sar. Fia il premio almen—di tua virtù.

Pam. Ah! che crudele! è il suo periglio!

Sar. e. { Pietoso il Ciel—darà consiglio.

Pam. {

Pam. So che a morir va l' infelice! ah! mal predice, il
 mesto cor!

SCENE XIII.—The same.—SARASTRO, TAMINO, then
 PAPAGENO, both having their heads veiled, and being led by
 the hand.

Sar. Noble youth, the goal is near. Only two more trials
 remain. May virtue direct you; may love inspire
 you; may the gods be with you. [Takes Tamino
 by the hand.] Let Pamina approach.

[To a Priest who goes to conduct her. A deep silence
 reigns.

Enter PAMINA.

Pam. Where would you lead me? What silence all
 around! Nature herself seems mute.—Oh, if but
 a saphyr, an echo, could discover to me where my
 lover is? Who will restore him to me?

Sar. He expects you here to take a last adieu.

Pam. Last adieu—alas! is it so? then let some one con-
 duct me to him.

Sar. He is before you. [Taking off her veil.

Pam. Ah! come, Tamino, joy of my heart!

Tam. Stay, Pamina; I must go; adieu!

[With a solemn air

Pam. Shall I then behold my love no more?

Sar. If such your wish, let it be the reward of your virtue.

Tam. Ah! how severe the danger to which he is exposed.

Sar. & { Merciful heaven will give him counsel.

Pam. {

Pam. I know that the unhappy youth goes to meet his
 doom! my afflicted heart forebodes it.

Ser. e. Dolce à perir—a un petto forte; in faccia a morte
Tam. —ei ride ancor.

Pam. Se al par di me—sentisse amor, apprenderebbe a palpitare.

Ser. e. Al par di te fido è il suo core, ma pria t'apprende—a meritare.

Ser. L'ora sonò—sacro è l'istante—Scordar l'amata, omai si dà.

Tam. e. Ah! chi lo può—ah! lo poss'io! chi 'l può, oh Dio!—mai non amò.

Ser. Ei lo giurò. [*A Pamina, accennando Tamino.*] conviene partir. [*A Tamino.*]

Tam. e. Sì partirò, mi sento oh Dio! morir.

Pam. Sì partirà, mi sento oh Dio! morir.

Ser. Rammenta alfin. [*A Tamino.*] Torna a momenti. [*A Pamina.*]

Tam. e. Quando avran fine—i miei tormenti?

Pam. [*Partono Sarastro, Tamino, e Sacerdoti, da una parte, e Pamina dall'altra.*]

SCENA XIV.—PAPAGENO correndo. L'Oratore confuso, colla gli viene incontro dalla parte per cui è uscito Tamino.

Pap. Non ho più fiato: un cervo non l'arriva, che abbia presto altra strada. Oh! giusto voi, l'avete visto! e dove ha fitto i piedi, Tamino!

[*All' Oratore.*]
Ora. A me lo chiedi?—Perchè li lasciati?

Pap. Fu per un momento; Ma se va come il vento.

Ora. Il ciel pietoso perdona ai falli tuoi; ma degli eletti non sperar di diletti.

Pap. Datemi del buon vino, e son contento.

Ora. Altro bramar non sai?

Pap. Per ora no.

Ora. Va stolto. E ben, l'avrai.

[*Parte.*]
[A queste parole si vede comparire una coppa di vino. Papageno la prende, beve con molti lazzi.]

Pap. Oh delizio! oh cuccagna! ora va bene! Or non avrei difficoltà nessuna d'entrar nel sole, o d'affrontar la luna. Il vino si distende—ecco già monta—M'ingrandisce, e sento torreggiare nel core tutte cinto di fuoco il dio d'amore.

Ser. e. Death is sweet to the valiant; They can welcome it with a smile.

Tam. If he felt a love like mine, he would learn to tremble.

Ser. e. His heart is no less faithful than yours; but he teaches you to merit before you expect a reward.

Pam. The hour has struck—the moment is sacred; the lover must now be forgotten.

Tam. e. Alas! who could do this? Those who are capable of it can never have loved!

Ser. He has sworn it. [*To Pamina, pointing to Tamino.*] You must go. [*To Tamino.*]

Tam. e. Yes, I will go. O gods! the very idea is death to me.

Pam. Remember! [*To Tamino.*] He will shortly return to you again. [*To Pamina.*]

Tam. e. When will my torments end?

Pam. [*Exit Sarastro, Tamino and Priest, one way; and Pamina another.*]

SCENE XIV.—PAPAGENO running. The Orator, with a torch, comes to meet him from the side by which Pamina went out.

Pap. My breath is gone: a stag could not overtake him: perhaps he took another road. Oh, you are the very person I wanted. [*To the Speaker.*] Have you seen him? Which way has Tamino taken?

Speaker. Do you ask me?—Why did you leave him?

Pap. It was only for a moment; but he is as fleet as the wind!

Speaker. Heaven in pity forgive your faults; but hope not to partake of the happiness of the elect

Pap. Give me but good wine, and I am satisfied.

Speaker. Have you no other wish?

Pap. Not at present.

Speaker. Go, silly man; well, you shall have your wish.

[*Exit.*]
[At these words a cup of wine is seen, Papagena takes it, and drinks it with many gestures.]

Pap. Oh delightful! Oh land of plenty! Now it is all right! now I should find no difficulty to scale the sun, or attempt the moon. The wine warms my veins; it raises, it elevates me, and I feel the god of love, all in flames, gliding into my heart.

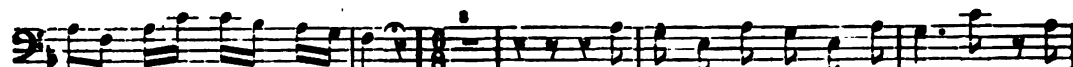
COLOMBO, O TORTORELLA—FOR MAIDEN FAIR AND LOVING. AIR. PAPAGENO.



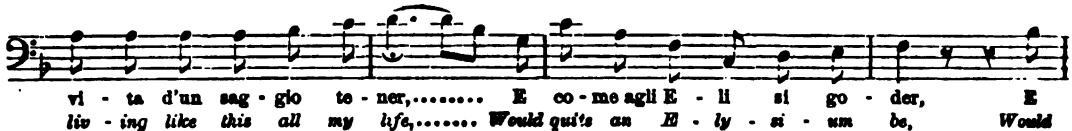
Co - lom - bo, o tor - to - rei - - la Vor - ria l'ac - cel - la - tor; Sia don - na, o sia don -
 Fer maid - en fair and lov - - ing Does Pa - pa - ge - no sigh, A dove - like, gen - tle



sol - - lu. Com - pag - na del suo cor, Com - pag - na del suo cor, Com -
 crea - ture, Like an - gel from on high, Like an - gel from on high, Like



pa - gna del suo cor. Che ber! che mangiar che fa - re - il Di
 an - gel from on high. Then nev - er, whilst eat - ing nor drink - ing, I'd



Di me se le turbe faw gioco,
M'abbatte mi strugge il mio foco,
Se posso un nocchino bacciar,
Più sano mi torno a bevar.

Colombo, &c.

Eppure una sola fra tante,
Pigharini non vuol per amante,
Se alcuna non senti pietà,
T' amico arrabbiato morrà.

Colombo, &c.

SCENA XV.—Vecchia, e PAPAGENO.

Vec. Son quà, son quà, c'è mio.

Pap. Voi?

[*Con sorpresa.*]

Vec. Sì carino.

Pap. [*Aparte.*] Ora sto fresco!

Vec. Via, datemi la mano.

Pap. Bel bello, adagio, piano, qui ci vuol riflessione.

Vec. O la mano, o in prigione.

Pap. L' uno val l' altro!

Vec. E là senza più donne, a pane, ed acqua in vita restarete.

Pap. Tante me ne direte—

Vec. Sarete buon consorte?

Pap. Oh! tenero per voi fino alla morte.

Vec. Giura.

Pap. Lo giura sul piacer supremo, d' aver la pancia piena.

[*La vecchia si cambia in bella giovine vestita come Papageno.*] Oh me felice! oh Pa-pa-pa-pagena.

[*Vuole abbracciarla con lazz.*] Ohime! casco profondo.

[*La terra si scuote, e Papageno precipitando grida.*]

SCENA XVI.—Giardinetto.—I tre Gaj.

FINALE.

D' ostro, e Zaffirar già sorge adorne
Dell' ombre il vincitor—
Oh! qual sparir—in faccia al giorno,
Vedrem larve, ed orror,

Will no one list my constant sighing,
Nor know that I of love am dying?
A kiss my slum'ring peace would wake,
Will no kind maiden pity take.

For maiden fair, &c.

Will no one listen to my wailing?
My pray'rs, my tears, are unavailing;
The favour, ladies, is but small;
Oh come, and I will love you all.

For maiden fair, &c.

SCENE XV.—The Old Woman and PAPAGENO.

Woman. I am here, I am here, my love!

Pap. You!

[*With surprise.*]

Woman. Yes, my dearest.

Pap. [*Aside.*] Now am I finely off.

Woman. Come, give me your hand.

Pap. Gently, gently; softly; no hurry. We must think about it.

Woman. Your hand, or off to prison.

Pap. Either the one or the other, say you!

Woman. Yes, and there you shall see no more ladies, but be doomed to live upon bread and water.

Pap. Here is my hand.

Woman. Will you prove a good husband?

Pap. Oh, a most tender one, till death does us part.

Woman. Swear it.

Pap. I swear it by the supreme pleasure of a hearty meal.

[*The old woman is transformed into a beautiful young woman, dressed like Papagena.*] How happy am I! Oh Pa-pa-pa-pagena! [*Offers to embrace her with ridiculous gestures.*] Alas! I fall, I die!

[*The earth opens and Papagena sinks.*]

SCENE XVI.—A Garden.—The three Boys

FINALE.

The sun in radiant glory beams
Already on the path of Heaven;
Soon all clouds and storms will vanish,
And the wise man conqueror be.

Oh d' umil tetti—abitatrice
Di sobj affetti—alma nutrice.
De' tuoi tesori—i nostri cor,
Torna a bear—tranquillità.

[Si ritirano in disparte.]

SCENA XVII.—PAMINA smascherata, e come fuori di se, con pugnale nudo alla mano.

Pam. Compiam l' amaro—orrendo imen.
Sì, quest' acciaio—aprirà il mio sen.

Il Genj. Che mesta voce! ah! che sarà?
Insana introce—il duol la fa.

Pam. Lo sposo, ov' è t—mio ben verrò!
In braccio a te, sì, tua sarò.

Il Genj. Non ha fren, non ha consiglio;
Erra morte su quel ciglio.

Odi, o bella, per pietà?

[Assannandosi.]

Pam. Te fra l' ombra cercherò
Ad amarlo io son costretta;

Ei lasciò la sua diletta,
Quest' acciar mi passi il temi cor.

Il Genj. Ah! del ciel temi il rigor.

Pam. Arda il lampo, fremi il tuono—
Questo, o madre pur tuo dono;

Madre, o madre, io fuggo invan
Il flagello di tua man.

[Guardando il pugnale.]

Il Genj. Volgi a me, deh volgi il piè.

Pam. Ah crudel! questa è la fe!
Son funesti i miei pensier,

Quell' ingrato menzogner—
Ah! sì cessi di soffrir.

[Lo trattengono al braccio i Genj.]

Il Genj. Deh t' arresta, non ferrar,
Deh ti serba al fido amante,

Che t' adora ognor costante,
Che morrebbe di dolor.

Pam. [Ritorna in sé stesso.]
Che m' adora il mio diletto?

Ma perchè cangio d' aspetto?
Perchè tacque, oh Dio così?

Il Genj. Copre il ciel l' arcano ancora;
Ma il tuo ben so che t' adora,

Il suo ben sa che sei tu;
E lo guida a te virtù.

Fra il silenzio, e fra l' orror,
Deh si cerchi il tuo fedel.

Pam. Io vi seguo, oh Dei del ciel!

A. 4. Non teme amor quand' è verace,
Crudel dolor, piacer fallace,

Farlo obbligar. Non può l' età
Nè tutto il mar l' estinguerà.

[Partono.]

SCENA XVIII.—Orrido monte; alle falde profonda grotta, nel fondo cancello di ferro, s' innalzano vortici di fiamme, che salgono sino alla cima, d' onde scender veggonsi liquide masse di lava. Da un lato piramide con iscrizione, due uomini coperti di tutte arme a nero, che leggono a TAMINO l' iscrizione. Indi PAMINA.

9 Armati. Chi in queste sponde la virtù cerca, e la pace;
La terra, e l' onde, il foco affronti, e il gelo

E se i terrori della morte—vincerà,
Le auree porte, a lui dischiuderà il cielo.

Allora in sen de' lumi, egli potrà
De' nostri numi i misteri rivelar.

Tam. Timor non ho.
Nel gran viaggio,

L' orrende porte aprite alfin;
Corona, o inerte avra Tamina.

Pam. Pietà di te! Deh ferma il piè

Oh, heavenly quiet, now descend,
Return into the hearts of men;
Then will the earth be Heaven indeed,
And mortals like to gods.

[They go on one side.]

SCENE XVII.—The same.—PAMINA, with a Dagger.

Pam. Oh dagger! thou art my bridegroom!
By thee alone I'll end my care.

The Boys. Oh woe! what said Pamina there?
And see, she is to madness near.

Pam. Patience, beloved, I am thine;
Soon shall we now united be.

The Boys. How darkly clouded is her brow;
Madness rages in her heart.

Gracious maiden here behold us!

Pam. I wish to die, since the man,
Whom I ne'er can hate,

This faithful heart will thus desert.
Ah! thou wilt be my savior!

The Boys. Ah, dread the wrath of heaven.

Pam. This, oh mother, was thy gift,
The lights flash, the thunders roar;

In vain I fly, oh mother,
Thy voice urges me ever on.

The Boys. Lady, wilt thou go with us?

Pam. The measure of my grief is full;
Faithless mortal, fare thee well!

Ah! Pamina dies through thee;
Thy desertion murders me.

[Tries to stab herself.]

The Boys. Hold, unhappy one! and hear!
Could Tamino see thee thus,

He with sorrow would expire,
For he fondly loveth thee.

Pam. [Recovers herself.]
What! did he feel responding love,

And yet concealed his feelings from me?
Turned his countenance away!

Nor e'en one word of comfort spoke!

The Boys. This, alas, we must not tell,
But we will show him now to thee;

And with wonder thou wilt see,
That his heart is thine alone,

And for thee his life he'd give.

Pam. Lead me forth! I wish to see him!

All. Come, we him forthwith will seek.
Two hearts that with true love are burning,

Can human weakness never part.
Vain are the efforts of their foes,

The gods themselves protect them.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE XVIII.—A tremendous Mountain; at the foot a deep cavern, with an iron grating in its recesses; flames arise, which mount to the top, whence liquid masses of lava are seen to descend. On one side a pyramid with an inscription; two men appear covered with black armor, who read the inscription to TAMINO. After PAMINA.

Men. He who pursues this path with dangers full,
Becometh pure by fire, water, earth, and air.

If he can overcome the terrors of death,
From out of earth he rises unto Heaven.

Thus purified, he will then be able
To devote himself to Isis' mysteries.

Tam. Acts becoming man, no fear of death
Will hinder me from consummating.

Open, then, the portals of terror,
With joy I'll dare the bold career.

Pam. May heaven have compassion and guard thy steps.

[*S' apre la porta, appressi di dove è venuto Tamino, entra Pamina e corrono ad abbracciarsi.*

Pam. } Tamino mio } oh qual felicità!

Pam. } Pamina mia }

Tam. Ma qui il terror soggiorna! [*A Pamina.*] Qui morte freme già.

Pam. Compagna, ovunque andrai m' avrai fedele ognor. Io guiderò il mio ben; Me guiderà l' amor.

[*Le prende per la mano.*

Di fiori, e rose—amore almen,

Le vie spinose, abbellirà.

Ma degli incanti—è teco il suon.

Perigli e pianti el vincerà,

D' amoso alloro —un dì formò,

Il bel lavoro—il genitor,

E luci infeste—errano il ciel,

Tuoni, e tempeste—ombre e fragor

Fa prova omai—del suo poter,

Aspro è, lo sai, crudo è il sentier.

A. 4. D' un saggio ardir—s' accenda il cor;

Chi sa morir—da vincitor.

[*I due uomini armati partono, e gli chiudono la porta appresso, indi si vede passare Tamino suonando il suo flauto, e Pamina che lo segue in mezzo al fuoco:*

Tam. } Cesso il furor
Pam. } Del rogo impuro,

Il piè sicuro,

Eine lambì;

Ma freme ancor

Terribil onda;

Non veggio sponda,

E' fusto il dì.

[*Si cambia il monte in un altro, dalla sommità di questo precipita una torrente. Pamina, e Tamino scendono dal monte; giunti che sono al piano affrontano entrambi coraggiosamente il torrente. Tamino suona il flauto a misura, che avanzano il passo l'acqua li copre, Tamino segue sempre a suonare; alfin tanto s' ineltrano, che più non reggono alla forza del torrente, che seco li porta; e non appariscono più; quando si credon sommersi affatto il monte si divide, che nel suo seno presenta un tempio, ove si trovano Tamino, e Pamina in atto di ringraziamento.*

Tam. Ah, l' onda alfin
Si valico,
Ah! noi pietoso
Un Dio salvò.

[*Apre la porta del tempio sudetto, Tamino, e Pamina s' inginocchiano.*

Coro de Sacerdoti di dentro.

Non più, non più,

Vincete già;

Or voi virtù,

Coronerà.

Il rito arcano

Ita a compir,

Vien nobil coppia,

A trionfar.

[*Partono.*

SCENA XIX.—*Lo stesso Giardino, ov' è restato PAPAGENO, PAPAGENO, indi 3 Guy, e PAPAGENA.*

Pap. Papagena! Papagena!
Cara bella tortorella!
Eh! non sente; se n' è andata!
Ah, l' ho fatta la frittata;
Ah! la lingua mi tradì,
E la sposa mia svanì!

[*The gate opposite to that whence Tamino came out, opens; Tamino enters, and they rush into each other's arms.*

Pam. } Dearest Tamino. } Oh what happiness is this!

Tam. } Dearest Pamina. }

Tam. But here terror dwells. [*To Pamina.*] Here death each instant threatens.

Pam. I will be your faithful companion wherever you go. I will lead my love; and love in return will lead me.

[*Takes him by the hand.*

Love will deck thy thorny way,

And the path with roses strew;

Thy flute enchanting sounds obey,

These each danger shall subdue.

When fashioned in an omen'd hour,

From aged laurel by my sire,

How did the heavens with tempests low'r,

What lightnings glared and spectres dire.

Then prove its power: though rough the way,

Be bold, advance, and banish fear.

All fear. Let wisdom, joined with valor, sway;

Who knows to die, shall conquer here.

[*The two armed men retire, and shut the grating, on the other side of which Tamino is seen to pass, sounding his flute, and followed by Pamina, through the midst of the fire.*

Tam. } The raging flames
Pam. } Have pass'd away,

And lick the feet

In harmless play:

But still the roar

Of waves we hear;

Dark is the sky,

No shores appear.

[*The mountain changes into another, from the summit of which a torrent precipitates itself. Pamina and Tamino descend the mountain, and, on searching the plain, they both courageously endeavor to stem the torrent. Tamino sounds his flute as they proceed; the waters cover them, but Tamino still continues to sound his flute. At last they proceed so far, that they can no longer resist the force of the torrent, which bears them away, and they are seen no more. When they are thought to be drowned, the mountain divides, and in its centre discovers a temple, where Tamino and Pamina are seen in the act of returning thanks.*

Tam. At length the dangerous
Wave is past,
And heaven in mercy
Smiles at last.

[*The gate of the Temple opens; Tamino and Pamina are still seen on their knees.*

A Chorus of Priests from Within.

No more, no more,

The trial's won;

Lo! virtue crowns

Her favorite son.

Now close the rites,

The pomp prepare,

To triumph lead

The noble pair.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIX.—*The Garden where PAPAGENO had been left. PAPAGENO alone; then the Three Boys and PAPAGENA.*

Pap. Papagena! Papagena!
Little darling! little dove!
In vain I sigh! to me she's lost!
And on ill-fortune's waves I'm toss'd.
I talked, I know, and that was wrong.
And so, they'll say it served me right.

Ma quel viso, quell' ardor,
Mi s'è stuo in mezzo al cor;
Fu la vene il chi v'è là,
Che mi punge, e scotta qua.
Papagena! Papagena!
Tortorella cara, e bella;
Chiama pur; la m'è 'sparita!
Che m'importa della vita?
Ah! se sempre ho da bruciar,
Meglio è subito crepar.

[*Prende la corda che tiene alla sua cintura.*

Quel grand' albero per nato,
Per guarire un disperato;

[*Lancia e Piango.*

Oh! abbi un frutto senza fior.
Addio, mondo traditor!
Tu mi dai tant' appetito—
E non vuoi, ch' io sia marito,
Mondo addio: resti chi c'è—
Donne mie, pensate a me
Ma se prima d' impiccarmi—
Un' almen vuol consolarmi.
Dite solo, o sì, o no,
Tutte sorde, tutte chete;
Donne mie, voi lo bramate.
Papagena! salta in là;
Ecco il fin di tue virtù!
Piano; pausa; finché
Canto ancora insino a tre.
Uno—due—tre.

[*Guarda intorno.*

[*Suona, e guarda con lassi.*
Dunque ohimè! non v'è pleth. [Piango forte.
Addio, mon—do—tra—di—tor! [Va per salire sull' albero.

Il Genj. Ah che fai, Papagena! pensa ben,
Chi se n'andò due volte non rivien.

Pap. Burlate pur—oh mie signore,
Con la tacetà del mio calore.
Sareste fritte, ed arse già.

Il Genj. Perché sentir—quel suon non fai?
A tuoi desir—la sposa avrai.

Pap. Oh sciocco me! Or lo rammento.
Miggior non v'è dello strumento.

[*Rimettendosi.*

Se la mia bella, ha da tonar. [Suona.
Sona, din din, sona—Chiama il mio tesor.

[*Lassi; in questo fra tempo comparisce la Papagena.*
Sona din din, sona—di che venga fuor

Il Genj. Vicina a te—guarda cos'è. [Partono.

[PAPAGENO e PAFAGENA vedendosi scambievolmente
fanno lassi.

DUETTO.

Pap. Pa—Pa—Pagena!
Papa. Pa—Pa—Pageno!
Pap. Ah! tut sei la mia ricetta
Papa. Il tuo balsomo son' io.
Pap. Tu sarai la mia donnetta.
Papa. Tu sarai l' ometto mio.
A. 2. Già d' intorno saltellar!
Veggio bella figliolanza;
L' impaziente mia speranza,
Vieni Amore a consolar.
Pap. Là scherza un bel Papageno.
Papa. Là una sorella—in guarnellino.
Pap. Poi dopo quel—un altro ancora.
E notte e giorno! a me d' intorno
Ne vorrei tanti—e tanti;
E somiglianti,

But, since her sweet lips I've tasted,
Since I saw her beauty bright,
A constant fire my form has wasted,
It burns and pinches day and night.
Papagena, light of life!
Papagena, darling wife!
In vain for thee again I sigh!
So naught is left me but to die!
I'm tired of life, so from it part,
To quench the flame that fires my heart.

[*Takes a cord.*

This tree, which in the spring will bloom,
Shall help me to fulfil my doom;

[*Pretends to creep.*

And since the world displeaseth me,
I e'en will swing upon this tree.
Good bye, then, world of ills to me;
Since none will come to soothe or love,
I'll go and end my woes above.
Lovely maidens, come and see;
And, if only one there be
Who'll kindly love or pity me,
I'll neither hang, nor burn, nor drown,
If for me your love you'll own.
No sound, save echo's—all is still!
Such then, ye gods, must be your will.
Up, Papagena, swing on high,
And nobly, like a hero, die!
I just will wait a bit, and see
If any come whither I count three.
One—two—two's already past—
Three—No, no one comes, I die at last.
For, since there's none to bid me stay,
Good night, false world, and now away!

The three Boys. Oh, Papagena, stay, and prudent be,
Man lives but once—be this enough for thee.

Pap. Your talk and joking's very fine,
But if your hearts but burned like mine,
You after girls would run.

The Boys. Then let thy bells ring;
They will bring thy wife to thee.

Pap. Like a fool, I forgot those magic things;
Sound, oh set of bells, oh sound.

[*Recovering himself.*

My dear little wife I would see; [Plays.
Sound, bells, sound—Oh, bring my wife to me!

[*Dumb show, meanwhile Papagena appears.*

Ding, dong—let her come, let her come!

The Boys. [Bringing Papagena.]

Now, Papagena, look about thee.

[PAPAGENO & PAFAGENA, seeing each other, make ridiculous dumb show.

DUET.

Pap. Pa—Pa—Papagena!
Papa. Pa—Pa—Papageno!
Pap. Art thou, then, quite given to me?
Papa. Yes, I am quite given to thee.
Pap. Well, then, be my dear little wife.
Papa. Well, then, my husband, my life.
Both. What a joy shall we not feel,
When the gods their gifts reveal!
Little boys and girls galore;
All we want, and many more.
Pap. First a little Papagena!
Papa. Then a little Papagena!
Both. What can with such joys compare,
When many, many, many, many,
Papa—pa—pagenas,
Papa—pa—pagenas,
The blessings of glad parents are?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XXII.—MONOSTATO, LA REGINA, e le tre Damigelle da sotteranei, tutti con tede in mano.

Mon. } Zitto! piano!
 Reg. } Il tempio è qua.
 Dam. } Ci siam di già.
 Mon. La patolà, o mia Regina,
 Sai, che Pamina ho da sposar.
 Reg. e. } La madre lo sono, a te la dono;
 Dam. } Sì, la Pamina hai da sposar.

[Tuno in distance.]

Mon. } Sì, la Pamin
 e. } Ho
 Dam. } Hal a sposar

Mon. Maestà che sento oh che fracasso!
 E pioggia, e vento, e tempesta.
 Reg. e. } Oh ciel! qual fremito orribil suono
 Dam. } Da lungi il tuono Odi echeggiar!
 Mon. } Andiam, che là son tutti al tempio. Non fuggar
 e. } un solo al crudo scempio. E l'ara e il loco, e il
 A cinque } cieco stuolo, il ferro, il foco abatterà.
 Mon. e. } Oh Dea—cadranno i traditori,
 Dam. } Si svenneranno—al tuo furor.
 [Odesi strepito di tuoni, e tempesta. La scena cambiaasi
 all'improvviso nel tempio del Sole.]

SCENA ULTIMA.—Sarastro ussito in alto, Tamino, e Pamina in abito d' iniziati, presso a loro da due lati due file di sacerdoti, i due primi del due file tengono per mano l' uno Pamina e l' altro Tamino, che restano in mezzo sotto il trono di Sarastro.

LA REGINA, Le Damigelle, e MONOSTATO.

Ah! chi della notte! lo scettro spezzo,
 L' abisso m' inghiotta
 D' eterno dolor [Sprofondano.
 Sar. Sull' indiche sponde già il sole tornò;
 Ei fuga e confonde i sogni, e l' error.
 [A Pamina e Tamino.]

Coro di Sacerdoti.

Per voi risplende il giorno,
 Senz' ombra, e senza vel.
 Qui di bei raggi adorno.
 Qui sempre lieto è il Ciel.
 Un saggio Valore,
 Conduca Fleth,
 L' accolga l' onore,
 Le premj Belsh.

SCENE XXI.—MONOSTATO, the QUEEN, and the three Ladies.

Mon. } Hush! softly, softly!
 Queen. } Soon we shall enter the temple.
 Ladies. } Hush!
 Mon. But, princess, thou'lt keep thy word,
 Thy daughter must my consort be.
 Queen & } I'll keep my word; it is my wish
 The Ladies. } My daughter shall thy consort be.
 Her

[Distant thunder.]

Mon. & } But, hush! I hear a horrid noise,
 Ladies } Like thunderclap and waterfall!
 How frightful is this noise!
 Like thunderclap and waterfall.
 Mon. Now they are in the Temple's halls
 There will we surprise them.
 Queen } Rise! Yourself with rage and vengeance arm!
 Ladies. } These hypocrites to overcome.
 } No one shall escape the cruel slaughter. The
 All Five. } altar, the temple, the blind crowd, shall be des-
 } troyed by fire and sword.
 Mon. & } To the dread sov'reign of the night,
 Ladies. } Be all our help and vengeance brought.
 [The crash of thunder and the raging of a tempest heard.
 Suddenly the scene changes to the Temple of the sun.]

SCENE THE LAST.—Sarastro seated on his Throne, Tamino and Pamina in the habit of the Initiated, and surrounded by files of Priests; the two first of whom lead Tamino and Pamina by the hand into the midst, and to the feet of the Throne of Sarastro.

The QUEEN, the three Attendants, and MONOSTATO.

Ah! who has broken the sceptre of night!
 An abyss swallows me up—
 Eternal anguish seizes me. [They sink
 Sar. On India's shore the sun has risen again.
 All dreams and errors he chases and confounds.
 [To Pamina and Tamino]

Chorus of Priests.

For you shines forth the golden day
 Shades and darkness disappear;
 Joy sheds round his brightest ray,
 The benighted heart to cheer.
 Still let truth and valor guide,
 And with piety preside;
 Still let conquering beauty reign,
 And her high awards obtain.

THE END

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Title	Text	Composer	Title	Text	Composer
Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, The	<i>F.</i>	Jacques Offenbach	Otello	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
*Hamlet		Ambroise Thomas	Pagliacci, I	<i>I.</i>	R. Leoncavallo
Jewess, The	<i>I.</i>	Jacques F. Halévy	Parsifal	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Königin von Saba (Queen of Sheba)	<i>G.</i>	Karl Goldmark	Pinafore (H. M. S.)		Str Arthur S. Sullivan
Lakmé	<i>I.</i>	Léo Delibes	Prophète, Le	<i>I.</i>	Giacomo Meyerbeer
Lily of Killarney, The		Str Jules Benedict	Puritani, I	<i>I.</i>	Vincenzo Bellini
Linda di Chamounix	<i>I.</i>	Gaetano Donizetti	Rheingold, Das (The Rhinegold)	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Lohengrin	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner	Rigoletto	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
do.	<i>I.</i>	do.	Robert le Diable	<i>I.</i>	Giacomo Meyerbeer
*Lovely Galatea, The		Franz von Suppé	Roméo et Julietta	<i>F.</i>	Charles Gounod
Lucia di Lammermoor	<i>I.</i>	Gaetano Donizetti	Romeo e Giulietta	<i>I.</i>	do.
Lucrezia Borgia	<i>I.</i>	do.	Ruddigore		Str Arthur S. Sullivan
*Madame Favart		Jacques Offenbach	Samson et Dalila	<i>F.</i>	Camille Saint-Saëns
Manon	<i>F.</i>	Jules Massenet	Semiramide	<i>I.</i>	Gioacchino A. Rossini
Maritana		Wm. Vincent Wallace	Siegfried	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Marriage of Figaro	<i>I.</i>	W. A. Mozart	Sonnambula, La	<i>I.</i>	Vincenzo Bellini
Martha	<i>I.</i>	Friedrich von Flotow	*Sorcerer, The		Str Arthur S. Sullivan
Masaniello (Dumb Girl of Portici)	<i>I.</i>	D. F. E. Auber	*Spectre Knight, The		Alfred Cellier
*Mascot, The		Edmond Audran	*Stradella		Friedrich von Flotow
Masked Ball	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi	Tannhäuser	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Meistersinger, Die (The Mastersingers)	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner	Traviata, La	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
Mefistofele	<i>I.</i>	Arrigo Boito	Tristan und Isolde	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Merry Wives of Windsor, The		Otto Nicolai	Trovatore, Il	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
Mignon	<i>I.</i>	Ambroise Thomas	Ugonotti, Gli (The Huguenots)	<i>I.</i>	Giacomo Meyerbeer
Mikado, The		Str Arthur S. Sullivan	Verkaufte Braut, Die (The Bartered Bride)	<i>G.</i>	Friedrich Smetana
*Nanon		Richard Genée	Walküre, Die	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Norma	<i>I.</i>	Vincenzo Bellini	William Tell	<i>I.</i>	Gioacchino A. Rossini
*Olivette		Edmond Audran	Zauberflöte, Die (The Magic Flute)	<i>G.</i>	W. A. Mozart
Orpheus		O. W. von Gluck			

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